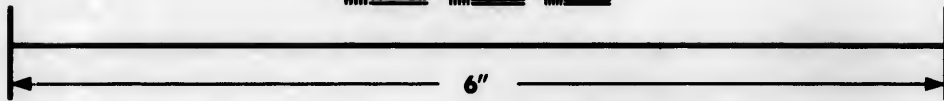
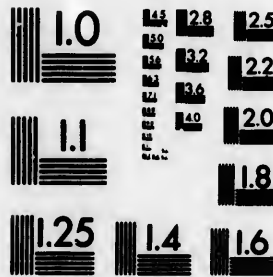


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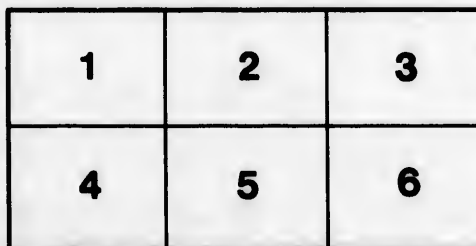
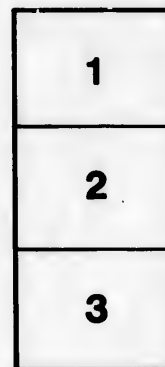
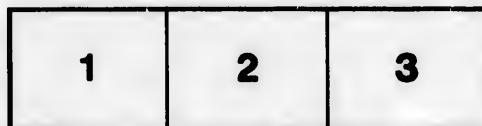
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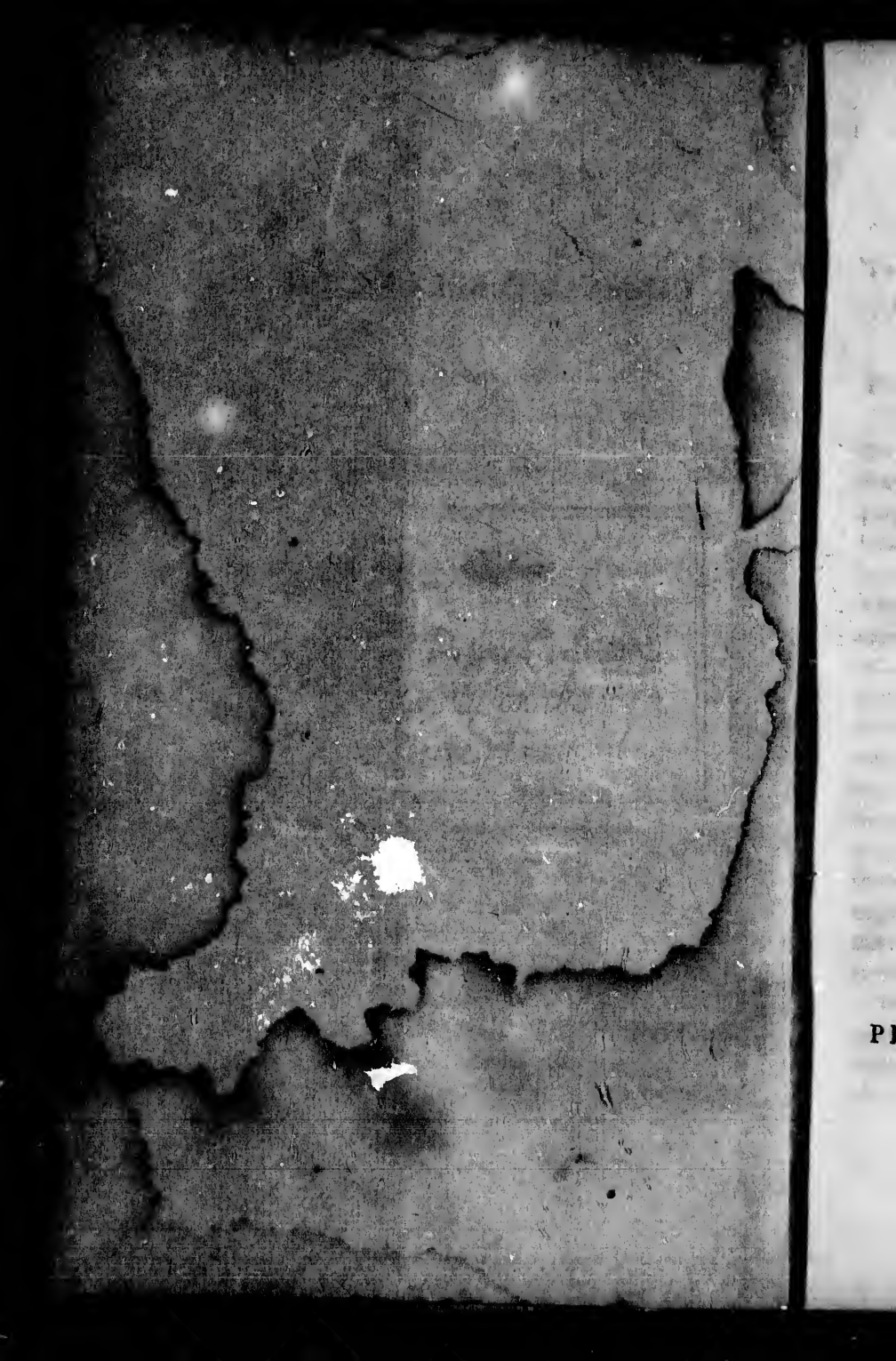
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Anna Macklem

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THE

CANADIAN FORGET ME NOT

FOR

MDCCCXXXVII.

Oh! knowest thou, when to distance driven,
When Friendship weeps the parting hour;
The simplest gift that moment given,
Long, long retains a magic power.
Still, when it meets the musing view,
Can half the theft of time retrieve;
The scenes of former bliss renew,
And bid each dear remembrance live.

EDITED BY JOHN SIMPSON.

NIAGARA:

**PRINTED BY THOMAS SEWELL,
AT THE REPORTER OFFICE.**

1837

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CALABIAN FORGET ME NOT

1897

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And the dear remembrance has
The names of former members
that half the staff of some other
I have long retained a noble power
The strength of the mind is from
When friendship is the guiding hand
And I should like to have done

Printed by T. Sewell, Niagara.

EDITED BY JOHN SIMPSON

MEMBER:

PRINTED BY THOMAS SEWELL

AT THE REPORTER OFFICE

DEDICATION.

**TO HIS EXCELLENCY SIR FRANCIS BOND HEAD, K. C. H.
&c. &c. AND LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF THE PROVINCE
OF UPPER CANADA.**

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

As the arguments we so frequently hear in the advocacy of error, only tend, when properly refuted, to render the beauty and value of truth more conspicuous; so the malign abuse and detraction with which the true patriot is assailed, instead of answering the end proposed by those who deal in such weapons, will inevitably recoil upon themselves, and exhibit the object assailed with higher claims upon the admiration of his country. Public men may, indeed, be often valued according to the enmity they meet with from that class of persons, who in every community, are found expressing their hostility to the institutions under which they live; for disappointed ambition often turns to revenge; and self interest, restlessness of disposition and love of change, as frequently instigate those who are miscalled Patriots, as love of country, or desire for the advancement of the character, honour, wealth or fame of their countrymen.

When the speculative Philosopher shall in future ages, be asked for some celebrated example in the difficult art of Government, he will point with a smile of triumphant gratification to that page of Upper

DEDICATION.

Canada's History, in which are recorded the difficulties that beset Your Excellency on assuming the Government of this Colony, and the statesmanlike management by which they were overcome. Disaffection and complaint were widely spread and extending; a large portion of the people, filled with fearful anticipations of evil, were panting after undefined changes; when the opportune arrival and energetic proceedings of Your Excellency, dashed the cup from the very lips of the Apostles of anarchy, revived the hearts of the loyal, collected the straggling affections of the wavering, confirmed the peaceable and industrious in their course of order and improvement, and proved to the world that British honour and Canadian loyalty, are alike untarnished and inseparable.

In a country like this, whose boundless resources are only beginning to be developed, prosperity will mainly depend on the selection of judicious measures, and on the efficiency of the instruments chosen to carry these measures into execution. Either without the other, must be valueless.

The nature of our free Constitution, indicates that these two requisites cannot be obtained unless by a general diffusion of practical knowledge; and Your Excellency's well known views of Education, are a sufficient proof that it will form one of your principal studies, to elevate the standard of Canadian intelligence.

It is therefore with pride and pleasure that this,

DEDICATION.

the first work of its kind in the Colony, is placed under the fostering care of Your Excellency; and although small its claims upon, and humble its pretensions to the patronage it solicits, yet, like the star that ushers in the morning, it may be the harbinger of the day of Canadian literature. It is by the dissemination of knowledge alone, that every subject of Your Excellency's administration can be taught to appreciate the value of good Government, truly estimate the blessings of internal tranquillity, and understand the means necessary to secure individual happiness, and the public good.

I may be permitted to express a hope, that Your Excellency will remain among us until the work you have so wisely begun, is in a fair train of completion; and that, when, with the gratification of an approving mind, the applause of every lover of order, and the heartfelt gratitude of a loyal and happy people, Your Excellency shall return to the bosom of our common parent, you will be crowned with those honours, with which the Sovereign of Britain is always proud to invest his deserving, and faithful representative.

I have the honour to be

Your Excellency's most obliged,

obedient servant,

JOHN SIMPSON.

PREFACE.

It is presumed that for a publication like the present no introduction or apology is needed; and the only excuse for a preface therefore is, that we may have an opportunity of expressing our grateful thanks to the Ladies and Gentlemen, whose kind contributions have enabled us to redeem the pledge given in our announcement of the first Canadian Annual.

As the present is a first, and consequently feeble attempt, we trust the Public will be sufficiently indulgent to forgive what they see amiss in us; reserving to themselves the right of treating us as we deserve on our next appearance, as we cannot then plead ignorance either of the difficulties to be overcome, or of the aid upon which we can depend.

It is our present intention to produce the Canadian Forget me Not for one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight, at a much earlier period than we were enabled to do in the present instance; and we respectfully request that all contributions may be forwarded to us, at as early a period previous to September, as is consistent with the convenience of the respective authors.

Many excellent articles reached us too late for insertion; many were omitted from causes not at all discreditable to the talents of their writers; and if in solitary instances we felt obliged to lay aside such as did not reach the prescribed standard, we did so with an anxious desire to whisper in the ear of inexperience, try again!

J. S.

NIAGARA, JANUARY 9th. 1837.

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CAPTAIN PLUME'S COURTSHIP.

BY A GENTLEMAN, ONE. ETC.

Scene, his own drawing room. The Captain, solus, soliloquising.

If it must be, it must! and yet to sacrifice that independency which so many fettered beings sigh after in vain; to lose the right to call my time my own; to be bound, manacled, with a perspective of squalling children in dirty bibs and tuckers, a scolding wife, and impertinent servants; cabin'd in a road side cottage with a frontage of about thirty feet, the outside white-washed, the inside air-tight, and outworks of piggeries and puddle holes; then again, the "my dearing and my-ducking" of the honey moon—the billing and cooing of that Indian Summer, which only makes the dreariness of the coming winter of indifference more appalling; the gentle reasoning, the chiding remonstrance, the curtain lecture! By Heaven! I'll sooner don fustian, sport an axe as heavy as a smith's anvil, and from morn to night, chop down pines in the backwoods, to the tune of

Liberty for me, oh! Liberty for me.

Enter Snooks.

Snooks! what the d—l do you want?

Snooks. Beg pardon Sir! Creditors wo'nt wait; times hard; a defaulter in the Bank; Mr. ——— an uncommon punctual man; your little bill, discharge, whew!

PLUMR. No causes, no effects, bang. (Exit SNOOKS in a hurry.) If all his creditors serve him the same, poor Snooks' seat of honour will be all the worse for

wear. Confound it, I'm horribly in debt, and the complexion of a Benedict must at last assume. Wive I must, but who shall be the fortunate Lady? In sooth I know not, but as the case stands, rhino versus beauty, the first must carry it. Hallo, Sam!

Enter SAMUEL.

PLUME. Brush up my holiday uniform, and bring me a bottle of soda water. Have you been to the post-office?

SAMUEL. Yes Sir!

PLUME. Any letters?

SAMUEL. One Sir!

PLUME. Bring it in with the pop. Avaunt! why stay'st thou?

SAMUEL. A small boy, just breech'd Sir, is waiting to see papa.

PLUME. Tell him to join his brothers and sisters in the other hemisphere. (Exit SAM. and enter CORINTHIAN TOM.)

PLUME. Ah, Tom! how d'ye do?

TOM. Right royally, Hector! full of the grape, and fresh from the board. Why did'nt you come to H——'s last night? There was a famous company, and capital fun.

PLUME. Who were the dramatis personæ?

TOM. O there was Harry with his silver snuff box and mosaic—gold headed cane, repeating that eternal scene in the woods between himself, the bear and the squaw, fifty times before we parted; Jerry was in uproarious voice, and apostrophised John Barleycorn till the candles went out. There was Poins, and Squeak, and Bumper, and a green huzzar from the other side, who was voted nem. con. a sucking pig, and grilled accordingly. But have you heard the news?

PLUME. What news?

TOM. Why, that Rockallum's noosed!

PLUME. You dont mean to say that!

TOM. By Jasus, as Pat says, but I do though.—
Look here at yesterday's paper.

PLUME. Reads. "On saturday last at Youngston, Moscheles Rockallum Esq. to Anastasia Sophonisba, only daughter of Colonel Hezekiah Eatallhekills.

TOM. Isn't it shocking?

PLUME. What the plague does he want with a wife?

TOM. Impossible to be explained. A Canadian learns to rap out a gentlemanly oath, smokes his cigar, sip sangaree and run into debt, but spoils the catastrophe by wiving. This generation will never reach the true ton.

PLUME. I fear not.

TOM. I say Hector! will you part with the gelding you bought of Trotter, after the death of his second wife.

PLUME. Not if you would give me the Home District in exchange.

TOM. Why?

PLUME. Because Cure-termagant, as I have named him, may be of priceless value to a marrying man like me.

TOM. You a marrying man! you!

PLUME. Is there any thing to surprise you in the occurrence of such a natural affair?

TOM. You marry!

PLUME. Why, thou atom of exclamations!

TOM. I—hem! pon my life! Ha ha ha. (Exit.)

PLUME. Confound the rascal!

(Enter SAM with the stimulant and letter.)

SAM. A lady wishes to speak with you, Sir!

PLUME. What colour is she of, Sam?

SAM. A kind of whitey-brown Sir!

PLUME. Trot her in.

Exit Sam. and enter the Lady.

PLUME. Ah Miss Chinquacousy? have I the happiness of seeing you in Niagara?

Miss C. I hope Captain Plume is well.

PLUME. Much the better for your presence Madam. Have you left home unattended.

Miss C. No Sir! my uncle is in the town. He is preparing for our departure from the District, having entered elsewhere into some extensive speculations which require his personal superintendence. I am very much opposed to leaving, for I understand that the people amongst whom I shall in future reside, are quite boorish and uncivilized.

PLUME. Why then enter on a mode of life, which permit me to say, is incompatible with the disposition of one who has so high a relish for the pleasures and delights of refined society? Because, if I am rightly informed you have, at your own disposal, ample means to secure your passage through life, according to the bent of your own inclination.

Miss C. That is true. My poor deceased father left me ten thousand pounds, to be paid me on the attainment of my twenty fifth year.

PLUME. Ten thousand pounds!

Miss C. Yes Sir!

PLUME. Which you will receive—

Miss C. On the second day of next November.

PLUME. I must try the "bold stroke for a wife," (aside.) Imperious Destiny, thy decrees must be fulfilled!

Miss C. Sir?

PLUME. Pardon me, Madam! I feel ill, giddy.

Miss C. Use my vinaigrette, Sir!

PLUME. Thank you Madam! it is an excellent restorative. Oh, that it may prove typical of the

healing power you possess over another, but I fear me, more fatal disorder!

Miss C. Captain Plume!

PLUME. Madam, my fate is in your hand; were it not that your unexpected departure may deprive me of the felicity of again beholding that lovely face—were it not that this may be the last opportunity afforded me of hearing the music of those rosy lips, my secret should have remained closely locked up in my own heart. But now, when I declare that I have loved you long and fervently, that my whole heart is devoted to you, that sleepless nights and anxious days have been dedicated to admiring reflexion on you—oh! if you cannot love, at least pity, and forgive.

Miss C. Really Sir—this unlooked for—I know not what to say!

PLUME. By Jupiter, she's mine. (Aside.) Let me teach you, dearest! let the accents of love dictate your answer; let an avowal of reciprocal affection, extinguish the doubts and fears, which torture my mind.

Miss C. Had I expected—had I been prepared—if I thought you sincere—

PLUME. Sincere! Is there truth in heaven, heat in the sun, or glory in the stars? Is there proportion in this exquisite form, (encircling her with his arm,) splendour in those brilliant eyes, or balm on those pouting lips? (kissing her.) My beloved, my adored Seraphina!

Miss C. Dear Hector!

When a lady addresses her lover by his christian name and styles him dear, no more need be said of the matter, for she is won.

THE CAPTAIN PAID HIS DEBTS.

SAINT MARK'S EVE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Among the remarkable traits of the English character, credulity is generally considered the most prominent, and is really a more component part thereof, than seven-eighths of the great family of JOHN BULL are willing to allow; whatever cause this may proceed from, whether from the doleful stories inculcated with such fervency of frightening zeal by the antiquated Duennas of the Nursery, the ridiculous character of many of the books which form a course of instruction for the youthful portion of British Heroes and Heroines, or from some unanalyzed but inherent quality to believe, is no great matter; since if it is productive of a certain degree of superstitious prejudice, the evil is counterbalanced by a sensitiveness and sympathy, honourable even in their weakness to human nature.

If there is nothing improbable to an Englishman's belief, there is no suffering too remote for the reach of his extensive benevolence; if there is no scheme too vast or too complicated for his confidence in his own power to accomplish, there is no exertion he will leave untried to perfect it; and if there is nothing impossible to the grasp of his faith, the workings of his mind are also without bounds.

For the elucidation of the remainder of this article, I may as well state that with the rural population of a great portion of England, Saint Mark's Eve is an Annual occurrence of infinite importance. This arises from a belief that immediately after 12 o'clock on that night the likenesses of all who reside within the parish may be seen to enter the Church; those who are to die in the succeeding

B

year remain there; those who are not, return; and it is also believed that any individual who once allows himself to witness this extraordinary gathering, must, however unwillingly, continue his vigils until the termination of his own existence; this latter fact may probably account for the comparatively very few believers in the mysteries of Saint Mark's Eve, who have seen any thing with their own eyes.

One of the remarkable personages who in our young days and our native Village, had the reputation of a "Church Watcher," was AULD ROBIN the Parish Sexton. He was a man of vast importance to the juvenile community, for upon him most of their mischievous pranks exploded; it was a matter of necessary nightly occupation to lay a trap for the feet of the Sexton: was there a cracker of greater power than common, it was fired off at AULD ROBIN! was there a string tied from rail to rail across the narrow wooden bridge over which he had to pass in his way from ringing the curfew bell, it was to cause the downfall of AULD ROBIN! were any windows painted over during the night, AULD ROBIN's was sure to stand number one! in short no prank was left unvisited on the head of the devoted Sexton.

He was in his young days a cracker of sconces as well as a recipient of jokes, but now age and its infirmities had rendered him powerless; his head was bowed with the weight of a life of poverty and labour; the light of one of his eyes was utterly extinguished, and that of the other was dim and dreamy: his hearing he retained sufficient of to misunderstand every question put to him: yet in this condition did he for years perform punctually the humble duties of his station: regularly as the Sun himself did AULD ROBIN's Bell summon the working population of the neighbourhood to their daily labour: and the same welcome

sound in the evening warned them as regularly to retire from it: I ne'er shall look upon his like again.

Poor AULD ROBIN! twice only did he venture from his home, and both events were marked by uncommon particulars. The first time the honest old Sexton disappeared contemporaneously with a neighbour's Cow; the one circumstance created quite as much sensation in the village as the other, but no individual supposed there was the slightest connexion between the two. The Quadruped was advertised, and the biped searched for, but days elapsed before there was any intelligence of either. At length AULD ROBIN made his appearance, and proceeding direct to the owner of the missing Cow, offered for a crown and a chew of tobacco, to tell where the beast was. The owner gladly consented and the old Sexton performed his part of the contract.—AULD ROBIN, thinking it high time the Cow was sold, had driven her off to a neighbouring fair in order to dispose of her, without thinking it necessary to consult the proprietor on the prudence of such a step; but not being able to obtain a suitable offer, had brought her back to within a mile of the village, where he had left her to make sure of his expenses. Speculate on this Philosophers—the old man had neither the purpose of crime nor fraud in his heart.

His second absence forms still an era in the gossiping circles of our village, and the particular circumstances attending it, may be found detailed at full length in its records. That little history is poor AULD ROBIN's epitaph. His grave is in the Church Yard he so long tended, unmarked by marble monument or sculptured elegy, yet he sleeps well under the green sod, over which the long grass waves mournfully in the breeze.

The situation ROBIN held, was perhaps one cause

why he was generally believed to be a Church Watcher; indeed very many of the village sages who had the sagacity to trace effects back to their causes, made no whisper of their belief that he sat out St. Mark's Eve, for the purpose of ascertaining how many victims would require his official services during the ensuing year; so that, calculating at so much per head, he might know the exact annual income he could depend upon from his profession of grave digger. The truth however is still shrouded in the mist of all uncertainties; but be it as it might, one fact tradition still mentions to his honour, is that he never blabbed the secrets of the charnel house; never hinted to those upon whom the grim King of Terrors had set his seal, that the sands by which their existence was regulated were on the point of exhaustion. I say never, but general rules admit of exceptions; and on one—but one exception to the rule I have laid down, does the character of AULD ROBIN as a Church Watcher rest.

It happened that a female who was in possession of the not uncommon character of Village scold, one day attacked ROBIN; and with a volubility and eloquence peculiar to her species, treated the old man with some of the choicest tropes and syllogisms of the language: on some neighbour remonstrating with her, AULD ROBIN cried "Nay! nay! let her tongue run on for it won't run long; before next Mark's Eve, her husband will have to pay me for digging her grave." And so it was.

The next instance I shall record of the mysteries of St. Marks Eve, is one which occurred to a Farmer unexpectedly, and in the pursuit of his business. Having occasion to go to a distant town with his Waggon, it was necessary for him to proceed through the market place, at the upper part of which

the Village Church was situated; on entering the market place the clock struck twelve, and he was astonished at meeting numbers of people hurrying in the direction of the Church, wearing white roundabouts, and leather aprons, and carrying sticks in their hands; he inquired of several the meaning of such an unusual concourse, but received no answer; one spat at him, another frowned, another turned away, and one individual whom he recognized and named, approached close up to him and grinn'd in his face. That individual then in good health and full of youth and vigour, died in less than two months. It is proper to state that the Farmer had the reputation of occasionally seeing double.

It is useless detailing the various stories of spectres, winding sheets, coffins, and death watches, so common and so numerous in the winter's hearth gossip by the rustic fireside; and therefore I will conclude this article with a story, which at the time of its occurrence created an intensely mournful interest in the breasts of all acquainted with the parties.

HENRY * * * * was a young man of great natural talent, polished and directed by excellent educational acquirements. His application to study was eager, and his thirst after knowledge insatiate. Without scepticism, he did not altogether disregard the superstitious traditions of the the olden time, and hearing the character attached to St. Mark's Eve he resolved to prove its truth or falsehood for himself.

For two years his vigils proved fruitless, and he felt fully satisfied that the stories he had heard proceeded from the mere phantasy of the brain; his third annual watch however, led him to a different conclusion, and was followed by a most tragic result.

HENRY was affianced to a young Lady whom I shall characterize under the name of SOPHIA; they

had long been attached to each other, and their speedy union was a matter of general anticipation. He as a man, was handsome in person, noble in character, frank in bearing, and of tolerable fortune: she as a woman was beautiful, intelligent, accomplished, and endowed with ample means; the bond which united them was that of the heart—of unalloyed, spontaneous love. There was nothing to thwart their plans; and their future prospect, so far as earth was concerned, was unclouded by a single doubt.

On the morn succeeding St. Marks Eve, HENRY was at SOPHIA'S house with the break of day to enquire after her health, with the strongest marks of anguish depicted on his countenance. She was well as usual—there was nothing the matter: two hours passed and he was there again—still the same answer; another two hours and he reappeared with the same result. SOPHIA in vain entreated to know the cause of his cast down countenance, his unusual anxiety respecting her health? she received evasive replies.

His solicitude ceased not, and at the end of a week he was rarely absent from SOPHIA except when it was necessary for his beloved to sleep; still he did not urge their marriage, and it was remarked that his bearing exhibited more solemnity than was his usual wont, and that his intercourse with SOPHIA was more deeply marked with discourses on spiritual subjects than the observers thought necessary.

Alas! in three short months the young, the beautiful, the affianced SOPHIA was a corpse; a slight cold, a short cough, and then consumption carried her pure soul to the heavenly bridegroom, whilst the lips of HENRY received her last breath.

He saw her in her Coffin, and still he claimed her; heaving a sigh similar to the bursting of the gnarled

oak, he exclaimed "It was thus I saw her," and fell across the breast of his betrothed. His heart had broken, and the two Lovers repose side by side in the same grave.

TO A FRIEND.

By the Editor.

Give me the gentle flush, just seen
 To tinge the cheek and disappear ;
 Even as the lightning's flash illumines,
 And passes, ere you say 'tis here.

Give me the sparkle-glancing eye,
 Half closing from the world its light :
 As if the quivering lashes veil'd
 That splendor, lest its rays should blight.

Give me the sweet and trem'ulous sigh,
 Escaping softly though compress'd ;
 Give me the undulating throb—
 The heave which marks affection blessed.

Give me the generous doubt, the hope
 Unfetter'd, which still stronger grows,
 When Fear or even Despair would quench,
 Anticipation as it glows.

Give me the faithful heart which beats
 With confidence when absence wounds ;
 The trust which zealously relies,
 When scandal hurts, or scorn astounds.

Give me the lip which press'd to mine,
 Can anguish and remorse remove :
 With these, if thou wilt ask me still
 I'll tell thee I have "faithful love."

IMPROMPTU LOVE-LETTER.

BY G. S.

May it please you, fair maiden, to list to my ditty ;
 I'm a suppliant now, though unused to sue ;
 I have passed my whole life in that wonderful city,
 Where single stultarians on marriage are witty,
 And bachelor boobies thrive, (more is the pity)
 And I've come forth to wive with—sweet Girl, is it you?

I'm turn'd twenty one, but am scarce a year older,
 My beard's still imperfect, my moustache quite new :
 By Nature shame-fac'd; I am grown somewhat bolder,
 And a once burning heart is now ten degrees colder—
 But the matter of fact is, I'm wishful to solder
 Two mortals in one—myself, dear and you !

When you talk of King Hymen my heart is so flaming,
 You might ignite his torch at it—Dearest, 'tis true !
 And the blind boy-God Cupid so busy in claiming
 My hour-form'd affection, forgets he is maiming
 The innocent heart, which so sore is, that shaming
 All Quacks, it will only be healed by you.

And think not devotion more fond, or sincerer,
 From a life-time's acquaintance on earth ever grew ;
 Believe me, (no fact to my mind can be clearer)
 The Lover who hints, and then thinks, before nearer
 He presses his suit, will prove but a veerer,
 Inconstant—unlike what I will to you.

Oh! deem not that love, though the work of a minute,
 Is less firm than a passion for years over due;
 My heart is your own, and in faith I will pin it
 Upon that bright eye which hath truth glancing in it:
 The Goal is in sight—come Sweet! let us win it,
 And for life I will love, for life worship you.

Mark'd you her eyes of heavenly blue,
 Mark'd you her cheek of roscate hue!
 That eye in liquid circles moving,
 That cheek abash'd at man's approving;
 The *one*, love's arrow darting round,
 The *other* blushing at the wound.

"How do you?" cried Harry. "But poorly" quoth Ned;
 "I feel a strange heaviness here in my head;"
 "Nay call it not strange" said Hal, "sure 'tis not so,"
 "Since lead my dear Sir's always heavy you know."

Kate ask'd me why I watch'd her eye
 With look so fix'd she thought me stupid;
 "Sweet Girl" I cried, "methought I spied"
 "A Psyche looking after Cupid."

Reflection is the power of considering different ideas and comparing them together. All that we learn from books, conversation, or any other source, may become the subject of reflection.

Dramatic Sketch,

BY THE EDITOR.

*Scene, the Saloon of the * Hotel, Toronto.*

FILCH.

If this evil luck continue, I must perforce abjure the profession altogether.

LOGIC.

And if I have as much grace left in a corner of my heart as will assist me to turn honest man, I am afraid I must take the benefit of it.

FILCH.

Why afraid ?

LOGIC.

Why, my present occupation suits me so well, that I fear in the hunt after honesty, I should be so often thrown off the scent by certain remnants of roguery, that I should either lose it altogether, or be killed with the labour and difficulty of the chase.

FILCH.

Thou art doubtless in the right.

LOGIC.

What is Honesty ? If you choose it for a Sovereign it is such a tyrant, and so poor and ragged in revenue withal, that its subjects must either revolt or starve. If you wed yourself to it in the hope of good companionship, its surly, shrewish jades tricks, will make you hang yourself in your Groom's garters before the expiration of the honey moon. And as for friendship, none can exist between man and Honesty.

FILCH.

Your reason ?

LOGIC.

Because presuming on its character and antiquity, it teaches such severe, rough and ill timed lessons, that all except the coatless beggar, are glad to pick a quarrel on the very first occasion that presents itself.

FILCH.

Then Honesty it seems is not for us.

LOGIC.

No: for though grey beards term it the best policy, it is only so when no better can be found.

FILCH.

Can we light on no profession a little more honourable and lucrative than our own?

LOGIC.

I know not; very few arts or sciences, can in Canada maintain their professors.

FILCH.

What thinkest thou of turning Author?

LOGIC.

What! print paper to singe Geese with? why thou silly man! Would'st thou beat thy brains to blot foolscap, which will cover up rancid butter or maggoty bacon? I would prefer having my career terminated with a rope, rather than a Novel; the former ends folly, the latter perpetuates it. Think of the offspring of thy brain, passing through the sweaty fingers of some moon struck Romeo, on to the pillow of some sentimental Juliet, who loves to indulge in waking dreams of torches, flames, Cupid and white Satin, and at last finding its way into the dirty digits of the kitchen wench, who, (sighing that she cannot read,) incontinently lights the fire with it, or throws it at the shaggy head of her impudent adorer, Patrick the broad shouldered excavator.

FILCH.

Oh! horrible!

LOGIC.

Or would'st thou write travels, reminiscences or conundrums, to light the cigar of some moustached Dandy, or curl the false toupeau of that old, withered, gossip loving maid, Mademoiselle Scandal?

FILCH.

Bah!

LOGIC.

Or wouldst thou dash into the high regions of Poetry, to be pelted with the rottenness of the wrath, or poisoned with the fulsome stench of the praise, of those dogmatical egotists the Critics; who know English enough to cry "stuff," "bombast," or "trash;" who seem to live like the vampire by blood-sucking; who praise for hire, condemn without reading, and like the ----- damn without reasoning.

FILCH.

Preserve us from these!

LOGIC.

Amen, most devoutly say I!

FILCH.

What of the Stage?

LOGIC.

Hast thou no reverence---no fear of the Gods?

FILCH.

Enough to keep me out of the way of orange peel and cat calls. Now then the Bar; there we need not change the nature of our profession.

LOGIC.

Why, I would as soon be called Lawyer as Gambler for methinks there is no great room for choice. As for the profession itself, being a money making, brow beating, honorable profession, I have no objec-

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tion to it; but in respect that it is called by such vile names, that one must carry every Statute from Alfred's time downwards on the tip of one's tongue, and that one may be fretted by such a thing as lack of Clients, I am afraid I could never sit down with it. Besides, a Lawyer's head may be accounted brainless, being so full of pleas, fines, recoveries, quirks and quilllets, that there cannot possibly be room therein for anything else; and there is no character I am less ambitious of obtaining, than that of a man with his head full of any thing but brains.

FILCH.

It wont do.

LOGIC.

No; pass the Lawyers and come to the Physicians.

FILCH.

They are so numerous already that they have taken to prescribing for one another.

LOGIC.

Let them do nothing else, and in good time we shall have a marvellous scarcity of disorders: what thinkest thou of the Army and Navy?

FILCH.

Don't mention them. I detest the smell of powder, and horribly abominate the idea of growing old, without growing rich: still there is some prospect in a snug Government office.

LOGIC.

Most wisely spoken. What though we are influenced by no patriotic feeling, and though to speak truth, our studies have been confined to cards, and our knowledge of Government, like an unmarried wench's fidelity, is a very trifling matter, yet we have glib tongues for flattery, flexible knees to bend for patronage, and hands long accustomed to take toll.

C

FILCH.

But how shall we obtain posts? I'm afraid that's a knotty point.

LOGIC.

Fash, not thy beard about it, for like every thing else they are to be obtained; some by perfuming smell themselves into office; some beg their way; others talk themselves into snug incomes, and a fourth set, by means of brazen faces and cast steel eyes, outface all opposition.

FILCH.

What mode shall we adopt.

LOGIC.

Oh! we'll adopt a new plan, for novelty ensures success. I've a great mind to set up as Physician extraordinary to the body politic, and advertise a nostrum for the infallible cure of all diseases, real and imaginary, extinct or existing, past, present, and future: oh! it would be both glorious and profitable, to convince rude health of disease, and administer medicine which would create sickness.

FILCH.

A most happy thought; and I will call Giants into existence, and armed in the vestments of Reform, enter the lists against them, and like the redoubtable seven champions, cut off their heads, and pocket their estates at my leisure: but here comes SNATCHEM to assist our council.

[ENTER SNATCHEM.]

LOGIC.

And his face tells more of the fatness of a Tavern than the leanness of half pay. (To SNATCHEM.) Is Fortune crowned with smiles or frowning still?

SNATCHEM.

What mean ye by skulking in corners, when so

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much is to be made by stirring. Oh, I'm in glorious luck.

LOGIC.

So it seems; since thou art so much elated thereat, as not to permit thy friends to participate therein.

SNATCHEM.

Give me time, boy; I always set thee down for a Philosopher for thy apt answers: but come now, be honest for once, and disclose what new plot you have been hatching? Whose purse is the aim of your secret cogitations, eh?

FILCH.

Faith, we have been consulting on the best means of robbing the black Prince, with as many and as long names as any State Democrat, of his reversionary interest in our penitent selves.

SNATCHEM.

Pish—qualms of conscience which I will soon dissipate, inward wounds, for which I have the Spermaceti. Lads of merit, give me your hands, thus: and now, tell me whether I have not always acted honourably—fulfilled our engagement to the very letter—divided my gains with you, to the uttermost farthing of equality?

LOGIC.

Thou hast; and so have we with thee.

SNATCHEM.

Say you so? then I am not so good as to be better than you; nor so bad on comparison, as to have my own opinion of my own good qualities lessened.

LOGIC.

If it were so, we should bid far to lose a valuable member of the commonwealth; for the moment a man believes himself less worthy than his neighbours, he as good as puts one foot in the grave.

FILCH.

Which will not need to wait long for the company of its fellow.

SNATCHEM.

Right Lads! but talk not of the grave; it always reminds me of death, and causes a suffocating sensation about the throat.

LOGIC.

Well then unfold thy glorious news; let the luck thou boastest of, be imparted to us. If it is for our benefit, well! If not, let us continue determined in our repentant resolutions.

SNATCHEM.

But are you serious?

BOTH.

We are.

SNATCHEM.

We shall see; you both know George Washington Jefferson Guesser; he who cannot speak a syllable of English, without first filtering it through his nasal organs.

LOGIC.

What! the man who throws his legs over the chair back, and calculates and spits by the hour.

SNATCHEM.

The same; he is a son of the national spittoon contractor, and lately freighted a Ship with button tree nutmegs, and hickory hams; by which speculation he has secured an immense profit.

LOGIC.

Well, what of him?

SNATCHEM.

He is a pigeon from which last night I plucked a few feathers, and shall to night strip of plumage and all.

If you wish to share in the spoils, speak like men of true hearts and ready wits: if not, hold your tongues till they rot with lack of exercise.

BOTH. We'll share.—We'll share.

SNATCHEM.

Now I see how you estimate the bitters of repentance, and the jalap of honesty: let Priests and old maids mind these things, we are made for better uses. Come along; remember your ancient instructions and we are sure: recollect—no acquaintance! Silence! Signs and Strangers!—[**EXEUNT.**]

In pleasure as in science while we rise,
Hills peep o'er, Hills, and Alps on Alps arise;
And happy he, to whom at length 'tis given,
To reach that cliff which hides its head in heaven.

Perception is that power of the mind by which we acquire our first and simple ideas of the form and properties of things, so as to be able to distinguish one thing from another.

Memory is the power by which we retain in the mind the ideas we have acquired from Perception. The memory may be justly considered as the treasury of the soul, and is one of the most important faculties we possess, since it would be of but little advantage to learn, if we could not retain the knowledge we acquired. Dr. WATTS in his essay on the improvement of the mind, supposes the strength of the memory in some measure to depend on the texture and consistency of the brain.

THE FARCE OF THE WORLD.

By D. W. J.

THE World is a Theatre, mankind are the comedians, chance composes the piece, and fortune distributes the parts; theologians and politicians govern the machines, and philosophers are the spectators. The rich take their places in the pit and upper boxes, the powerful in the front and sides, and the galleries are for the poor. The Women distribute fruit and refreshments, and the unfortunate snuff the candles. Folly composes the overture, and time draws the curtain: The title of the piece is *MUNDUS VULT DECIPI ERGO DECIPIATUR*. The opening of the farce begins with sighs and tears; the first act abounds with the chimerical projects of men; the frantic testify their applause with re-echoed BRAVOS, whilst the sagacious bring their cat-calls into play to condemn the performance. At going in a sort of money is paid called TROUBLE, and in exchange a ticket is given, subscribed UNEASINESS, in order to obtain a place.

The variety of objects which appear, for a short time divert the spectators; but the unravelling of the plot expands the risible muscles of the Philosophers. We see giants diminish into pigmies, and dwarfs attaining a monstrous height. We see men exerting all their efforts in pursuit of the most eligible plans, guided by prudence and armed with precaution, who are nevertheless circumvented in all their endeavours; and on the other hand, behold indolence and ignorance attaining the highest summit of earthly felicity.

* The World wishes to be deceived, therefore let it be deceived.

Such is the farce of this world, and he who chooses to divert himself with it at his leisure, should take his place in some obscure corner, where he may unobserved, be a spectator of the whole performance, and in safety laugh at it as it deserves.

TO HENNA.

BY C. B.

Oh! fair and flowery be thy way,
 The skies all bright above thee;
 And happier every coming day,
 To thee, and those who love thee.

Calm o'er thy soul may hope arise,
 Each secret fear beguiling;
 And every glance of those blue eyes,
 Be brilliant still, and smiling.

And placid be thy gentle heart,
 And peaceful all around it;
 Nor grief, nor gloomy care impart,
 Their direful pangs to wound it.

But lov'd and loving may'st thou live,
 The purest bliss possessing;
 With every joy the world can give,
 And ev'ry heavenly blessing.

Chapter on Epitaphs.

By the Editor.

The period of the introduction of epitaphs has not been ascertained with any degree of certainty; but the invention of them has been attributed to the pupils of Linus, who according to Diogenes was the son of Mercury and Urania; he was born at Thebes, and instructed Hercules in Music, but on ridiculing his heroic pupil for awkwardness in holding the Lyre, he was answered by a blow on the head which cost him his life. The scholars of Linus lamented his death in a mournful kind of Poem called from him *CELINUM*. These Poems were afterwards designated Epitaphiæ, from two Greek words signifying UPON SEPULCHRES.

The Lacedæmonians allowed Epitaphs only to a man who died bravely in battle, and to women remarkable for their chastity. The Romans often erected monuments to distinguished characters whilst living, which after their disease were preserved with great veneration. In Great Britain and her dependencies, it is customary with all who can afford it, to erect a monument of wood or stone to the memory of their deceased relatives; and this chapter will consist of some remarkable ones, which I have collected from various sources.

Were we to believe the major part of the Tombstones we meet with, we should find great difficulty in considering human nature so vile as it is generally represented; on the other hand, were we to store up for our own guidance the important lessons which many of them teach us, the tenour of our lives would perhaps better deserve the encomiums with which

the partiality of Friends, may hereafter surmount our own narrow houses.

The aspiring sons of ambition may derive an instructive lesson from the epitaph on Macedonia's madman, Alexander;

Sufficit hunc tumulus, cui non sufficeret orbis.

And the gifted children of genius, may appreciate the full value of earthly fame, when perusing the following epitaphs on some of the master spirits of their respective eras:

Les os du Tasse.

O RARE BEN. JONSON.

Dryden.

Nobles and heralds by your leave,
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior;
The son of Adam and of Eve—
Let Bourbon or Nassau go higher.

ON SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Lector! si monumentum requiris, circumspecte.

What amiable feelings occupy the mind, as we peruse inscriptions similar to the following:

Underneath this stone doth lie,
As much virtue as could die;
Which when alive did vigour give,
To as much beauty as could live.

Reader! drop a pitying tear;
Youth, truth, and loveliness lies buried here.

There is not perhaps any thing more affecting than to find on the sculptured marble accents of reproof. Had he read the following, one might almost think the earth would have opened its gaping mouth to swallow up the conscience-stricken Destroyer of innocence and life:

Child of distress, by faithless vows betrayed ;
 At length from sin and sorrow thou art free :
 Thy debt to Nature has been fully paid,
 And wounded pity pays her debt to thee.

The epitaph on a witty wicked school-master, conveys as fine a satire on ill directed talent as can be conceived.

Beneath these stanes,
 Lie Jamie's banes,
 O Satan when ye tak 'em ;
 But choose him tutor for your weans,
 And clever Deils' he'll mak'em.

Some worthy souls have lived lives of continual jokes, and cannot leave the world without perpetuating the recollection thereof on their tomb-stones, either by testamentary order, or the instructions of congenial spirits.

Here fast asleep, full six feet deep,
 And seventy summers ripe,
 George Thomas lies, in hopes to rise,
 And smoke another pipe.

My sledge and hammer lie reclin'd,
 My bellows they have lost their wind ;
 My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
 My vice low in the dust is laid :
 My coals are spent, my iron gone,
 My last nail's drove, my work is done.

Life is a jest, and all things show it ;
I thought so once but now I know it.

John Adams lies here of the parish of Southwell,
A Carrier who carried his can to his mouth well ;
He carried so much and he carried so fast,
He could carry no more so was carried at last ;
For the liquor he drank being too much for one,
He could not carry off, so he's now carri-on.

A tomb-stone, with the following inscription was erected during the life-time of the person whose name it bears ;

" Dr. John Gardiner's best Bed-room."

I shall next present the reader with two inscriptions to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton.

How sublime is the phraseology as well as the idea of the first!

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night,
God said let Newton be, and all was light.

In the second, a good idea is absurdly and wretchedly spoiled.

More than his name were less—'twould seem to fear
He who increased Heaven's fame could want it here ;
Yet when the suns he lighted up shall fade,
And all the worlds he found are first decay'd,
Then void and waste eternity shall lie,
And time and Newton's name together die.

The foregoing strongly reminds me of a peppery character in an old play, who on seeing a comet in the sky, broke forth into this ludicrous apostrophe ;

How now ye Heavens! grow ye
 So proud as to put on curl'd locks;
 And clothe yourselves in periwigs of fire?

There are many epitaphs of the Romans, written
 in the style of a puzzle, a sample of which I subjoin:

O quid tua te
 be bis bia abit
 ra ra ra
 es
 et in
 ram ram ram
 i i

Mox eris quod ego nunc.

This set learning and antiquarian lore at defiance
 for a considerable length of time; at last a Reader
 expounded it thus: "O superbe, quid superbis? tua
 superbia, te superabit. Terra es, et in terram ibis.
 Mox eris quod ego nunc." "O vain man, why art
 thou proud? Thy pride will ruin thee. Dust thou
 art, and to dust thou wilt return: soon shalt thou be
 what I am."

If the subject of the following deserved little, he
 has of a truth had little accorded to him.

Here lyeth wrapt in clay

The body of William Wray—

I have no more to say.

Of all descriptions of Monuments however, those
 erected by a Nation's gratitude to her deserving sons,
 affect the heart most deeply. Who that has walked
 through the cloisters of Westminster Abbey or St.
 Pauls, among the tombs and monuments of Kings,
 Warriors, Poets,—those mighty dead, whose names
 shed lustre on the glory, valour, genius, and honour
 of the British character—but felt his soul elated at
 the undying halo which encircles the name of Bri-
 tannia, and gave vent to his emotions in some raptu-
 rous and ecstatic exclamation like the following:

Britain! though humblest of thy sons,
I still am thine.

Connected and identified with the last reflection, is the memory of the gallant British Chieftain **SIR ISAAC BROCK**, who became the victim of one of the most unnatural contests recorded in History. In all ages, the mantle of delusion hath been thrown over the hideousness of that scourging monster, malicious ambition; but in these latter days, when intelligence is said to have advanced man to a much higher state of perfection than his ancestors attained—when the general spread of knowledge, (the noblest axiom of which is to **BEAR AND FORBEAR**) is supposed to have made the human race thoroughly acquainted with international, as well as social duties, it is much to be lamented that pretences alone, should cost the world the vast price of such a man as **SIR ISAAC BROCK**. Peace to his ashes, and immortality to his name! He reposes on the scene of his glory, and the following tribute of gratitude, is copied from the column erected to his memory, on **Queenston Heights**.

Has dedicated this monument to the memory of the late

MAJOR GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK, K. C. B.

PROVISIONAL LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,

And Commander of the Forces in this Province,

Whose remains are deposited in the vault beneath;

Opposing the invading Enemy,

He fell in Action near these Heights,

On the 13th of October 1812,

In the 43rd year of his age;

Revered and lamented

By the people whom he governed,

And deplored by the Sovereign

To whose service his life had been devoted.

D

An Adventure.

BY Z.

It is a delightful thing to mount on the back of a rough shod Pegasus, and gallop through this world of notions, at a speed far surpassing the fleetness of a Yankee idea, or Stephenson's estimate of Steam power; the first animated movements of the heaven-born Steed, fill the mind with rapture, and the blood rushes to the heart in a warmer tide of blissful excitement, as the rider finds himself fixed firmly in his seat, and able to rein the high-mettled Racer at will. On-on-they urge, despisers of obstruction and conquerors of danger; fleetier than the wind, they outstrip storm, tornado, and hurricane; and firmer than the firm-set earth, they are impervious to the stroke of the forked lightning, unshaken by the rude rent of the yawning earthquake, and unappalled by the thunders of the terrible volcano. On-on-they fly, and it is a steeple chace worth observation. See! how cleanly yon wide deep ditch of Doubt is cleared! how that strong, double fence of Probability is bounded over, without check or pause! and look! the last obstruction, that sunken quagmire of Possibility, is only a snuff of inspiration in the distended nostrils of the gallant courser, and he reaches the goal amidst the rapturous cries of countless thousands, without a single hair turned on his glossy hide, or a strained sinew in his frame.

Reader! hast thou ever jockeyed it in such a course? if not, separate the imaginative from the other mysteries of thy nature, and out of these unalloyable elements, compound for thine own infinite surprise and delight a—Hobby Horse.

Yes—a Hobby Horse; and believe not that thou art a man of any mark or standing, if thou art not a possessor of one. Turn to the histories of all the great men of all ages, and without exception, thou wilt find each in possession of his favourite: to instance a few.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S was a tobacco stopper; it is well known that at his first and only courtship, having with great tenderness taken hold of the fair one's hand, with the intention as she fondly hoped, of popping the question, he applied the tapering white forefinger to the base use of pressing down the ashes in the bowl of his pipe. CICERO and SIR JOHN FALSTAFF made hobby horses of jests; the former cared not whose head he broke when running his course, and to the latter it mattered not whose purse he cut. SIR WALTER SCOTT gloried in rusty armour and illegible inscriptions. GEORGE THE FOURTH, BYRON and BRUMMEL, equestrianized on style; NAPOLEON strode the bubble of future fame, and WILLIAM THE FOURTH paces on the love of his people.

These are but a few of the materials of which hobby horses, or the ruling passions of men are constructed; there are others worthy enumeration, but I must refrain from scheduling them until a future time, my present object being to tell thee what was my own.

I say WAS, because I am not allowed to say IS, inasmuch as there is standing at my elbow, a miniature likeness of myself, (as his mother says,) ready to blot out any thing I may write concerning any other than his own wooden—"Nurse! Nurse! take away this mischievous little brat; he has emptied my snuff box into the Burgundy Decanter."

My ruling passion in my young days was a love of adventure—an inkling after any thing strange and

mysterious, providing it was approachable; no matter what obstacle threatened, what danger presented itself, my heart never failed, and my resolution never quailed in the pursuit of my favourite object. Entre nous, dear Reader! I was no Quixotic Adventurer, seeking out gigantic Hurlothrumbos, in order to annihilate their Cerberus-headed persons, and seize their castellated possessions; no chivalric knight, scouring the earth to relieve distressed Damsels, and cut the throats of their oppressors; no system builder, establishing mine own theory on the ruin of a thousand others; but a plodding student at Law, with a moderate income, a tolerable face and person, and an unaccountable affection for the daughters of my neighbours; especially if they were handsome, and my intercourse with them was shaded with a touch of the clandestine and forbidden.

Now the secret is out, I hope to get along without digression.

NIAGARA, although at this present writing no great miracle of a Town, was in the year 18** like a young boy about to emerge from the thralldom of a tight roundabout and cap, to put on the dignity of a long tailed blue and beaver; the last log house had disappeared in a wreath of smoke, caused by the hand of an unpunished incendiary, and the first brick mansion reared its stately head in all the glory of painted shingles, and Venetian blinds; here and there, the unpainted weather boards of some newly erected frame house, gave evidence of new settlers and in creasing population; and every new comer was hailed with joyous cordiality, which the hope-of-making-useful principle, was as much at the bottom of, as genuine hospitality.

Society at the time I am speaking of, like all badly attended public meetings, contained but few mem-

bers, yet these were of a very select class, according to their different castes; the elite were as regularly and thoroughly organized as the exclusives of Almack's; and descending from them to Mrs. Cæsar, the honoured spouse of the worshipful and coloured Jack-of-all-trades, or agent of all descriptions of professional service from carrying a message to splitting a log, each influential family had its followers, and each subject of discussion its forum: scandal was discussed, whilst the Bohea was cooling; character anatomized whilst cakes were being buttered; and matches talked of with the price of vegetables. Fashions too were observed to the minuteness of a fractional flounce; and young love was as paramount here, as he is under the Italian skies; sighing, pouting, jealousy, quarrels and reconciliations, being quite as frequent considering the population in that day, as in the present epoch of civilization and refinement.

The beauty of the Niagara Ladies, if it is not, deserves to be a proverb, as since my recollection has ever been the case; and therefore it is unnecessary to say that I, whose feelings were as combustible as tinder when the spark of any bright eye chose to light them up, had a multitude of *AFFAIRES DU CŒUR*; but luckily or unluckily for most of my attractors, (should my wife survive me she will most probably tell the world on my monument) the ignition was too speedily accomplished to continue; and when a warm and steady blaze was looked for, the fire which was to have diffused comfort and happiness, had disappeared, and the ashes of cold disappointment alone remained. Blame me not gentle Reader! the evil was constitutional; and I generally suffered for it, in damages of the person, purse, or character.

In the midst of my fluttering from flower to flower,

a family came to settle among us which created a sensation equal to a fortnight's conversation. It consisted of an elderly couple, their son and daughter, and a black maid servant: a town lot was purchased; a comfortable, genteel, and roomy mansion shot up in no time, and was painted and furnished in a style of magnificence, which made some envious, and others scandalous; but when it was known that the old Gentleman was to be seen seated in his curriole, with "spectacles on nose" and wrapped in fur, driving a pair of beautiful English Pointers before him on the common, from about two to six every day; that the family dined at seven and drank coffee after dinner; that the young Lady had a Piano, and the young Gentleman a brace of Pointers and a double-barrelled Manton, mounted in Silver, to say nothing of plenty of loose Silver, a disposition to spend, and a case of duelling Pistols mounted in Gold; that the Tradesmen's bills were called in weekly, and not only called in but paid, and not only paid, but paid in the best of all payments, specie; and in addition to all this, that a large tract of land, in a District to which Emigration was directed in a powerful but steady stream, belonged to the head of the family, inclination which had hitherto been rather captious, turned towards the strange Gentleman's house, calls were made, and it became as if were the Lion of Niagara.

Some knowledge in sporting and the neighbourhood, introduced the young Gentleman and myself to each other; which led to my being employed by his Father in the transaction of some Law business for him; this was the preliminary to constant invitations to spend the evening with the family circle, and introduced me to the society of MARY * * * * *

She was a sprightly representative of English

beauty: agile and graceful in her movements, with the step of Minerva, and the look of Diana, there was a faultlessness of feature, and a symmetry of form, which I have never seen equalled; she was none of your mystery mongers; there was none of that unaccountable sadness about her countenance or manner, which we so frequently meet with in the class of sentimental young Ladies; her face like her heart was ingenuous, open, gladsome; and her eye brightly glanc'd forth the joyousness of her soul: her hand (which Byron terms the only remaining distinction of the aristocratic ranks) was soft, small, and its touch was thrilling; and her voice, full and musical, seem'd in my mind to fill up the vacuum which our want of Nightingales occasions; often with my flute have I accompanied her music, and frequently have I stopped in the very middle of HANDEL'S best pieces, to listen with rapture to the soul satisfying tones which fell from her lips.

Months and Months passed away, and in the society of this delightful creature, I forgot every thing,—even the interests of my clients, which in a Lawyer is no common act of forgetfulness: the truth was, I was in love neck and heels, but I either did not know it, or omitted disclosing it, which is much the same thing.

One evening, amongst Letters demanding advice, answers, and remittances, was a neatly folded sheet of gilt edge "Bath Post," addressed in the most feminine of Lady-like hands, and folded with a neatness which would have done honour to any of the BEAU MONDE. The contents of this BILLET-DOUX aroused all my love of adventure, and when I disclose them the reader will not wonder at it.

On the first page of the sheet was drawn a fac simile of the entrance front of the English Church;

over the porch appeared a clock face, the hour hand resting at eight, and the minute hand pointing to the middle of the figures composing XII. Round the upper part of the circle the words *BE PUNCTUAL*, were written; and the face bore the motto *OMNIA VINCIT AMOR*; underneath, appeared, *VERITAS VEL MORIS*; and last of all was, *Niagara, May **, 18***; the date of the day succeeding that on which I received it.

I construed this extraordinary document literally; viz. that it was an assignation for the ensuing evening, with some love sick Lady, in front of the English Church at 8 o'clock precisely: and notwithstanding some lurking thoughts of *MARY*, compelled me to think my resolution amounted in point of fact to very little short of a crime, I determined to keep it.

But who was the Authoress? this puzzled me for some time after I went to bed, but as I hate trouble, I fell asleep to avoid the vain labour of conjecture.

Morning rose and so did I; although I passed the greater part of the day with *MARY*, the hours seemed to lag in their course; whether it was the thought of the coming adventure which made me uncommonly dull, or some secret cause for an exuberant display of archness on her part, I did consider that she played off more jokes at my expense than occasion needed, and I felt somewhat out of humour when I returned to my domicile, to make my toilette for the meeting.

I have forgot to state, that the missive was scented to a degree, which gave me a most exalted opinion of the ton of the writer; and therefore I took special care in the adornment of mine own particular person. At this moment I remember my dress as well as if I had paid my Tailor for it yesterday; the blue coat adorned with the most glittering of gilt

buttons, and the richest and most glossy of velvet collars; the white vest, over which was suspended in intricate disorder, a massive gold chain; the spotless pants of Duck, at the lower extremities of which in the brightness of Warren's polish, gleamed a pair of Wellingtons, manufactured by Hobbes; with these, a cane in my hand, a white beaver on my head, and a step of incomparable dignity and hauteur, I sallied forth at a quarter to eight by gun-fire.

The evening was in perfect keeping with my feelings: the ephemeral twilight of Canada had been succeeded by a placid starlight and moonlit sky, on which a gentle Aurora Borealis was timidly stealing, even as young love first takes possession of the hearts of his votaries: a few fire flies were glittering on the common, and one or two precocious bull frogs, were sounding their loud Pœans on the swampy shore of Ontario, in utter disregard of cadence, and modulation: the subdued sough of the Falls came down the Niagara, and the occasional tinkling of the cow-bell reminded me of the sweetest of balmy breaths.

I arrived at my post, full a minute and a quarter before eight, and there, with my eyes fixed firmly on the town did I remain (the picture of silent, patient, but anxious expectation) full three minutes: three minutes! those who have been punctual in a first appointment, know the years of torment which ten seconds of disappointment are capable of causing: I began to feel heart-sick, duped: and to review the HOAXERS of Niagara; in the midst of these cogitations, I heard the rustling of silk, and before I could turn around, a figure swept past me, with a step like the Goddess of Majesty: so far as I could catch it in the moon-light, it was tall, stately and symmetrical, but unpictured in my mind's eye; INVITATION NEEDS NOT CEREMONY thought I, and in another minute my

right arm encircled the waist of my fair innamorato, my left hand had removed the thick Chantilly veil which darkened her features, and my lips were glued to the cheeks of a thick-lipped, flat-nosed, jet-skinned daughter of Guinea!

"Fye Massa! don't do dat."

Before nine o'clock that night I had proposed to, and was accepted by MARY *****; and in less than a month was made the happiest of men. Happy? hem!

"MARY, dearest! have the kindness to see about supper."

THE EVENING HOUR.

BY MISS MARY KYLE, BROCKVILLE.

The flowers have shut their leaves of beauty,
Lull'd by wing'd Zephyr to repose;
While through the charm'd air, softly stealing,
Their mingled fragrance grateful flows:
The birds—that all day long were winging
Their unseen flight in upper air—
The even-song now sweetly singing,
Prepare for sleep, devoid of care:
And shall not Man, proud Man, who's made
In his Creator's glorious image!
Shall not his evening vows be paid,
To HIM in love and thankful homage?
For all the blessings of that day,
Which slow o'er Western hills descending,

And with the hues of evening blending,
Unwilling seems to go away:
And for the goodness that he shows,
When o'er this green and lovely earth,
Night flings her mantle of repose,
Until the busy Morn goes forth.

But see! a softer, purer light,
Than Mornings broad, and garish glare!
The Moon, in cloudless beauty bright,
Is rising through the cool night-air!
And round her, peerless Queen of night,
The clustering stars come one by one,
In their own chastely brilliant light,
To form her pure and sparkling zone.
And now, the night-dew's unseen shower,
Is falling o'er the parched earth;
Wak'ning in every tree and flower,
Some brighter beauty into birth:
And yet those fair and fragile things,
The little flowerets of an hour,
Praise with more zeal the King of Kings,
Than Man, endow'd with reason's power,
On whom, the God of mercy pours,
Unnumber'd blessings from his birth;
Yet HE can spend his brightest hours,
On fleeting pleasures of the earth:
Things, like to yonder shooting star,
In the high heavens an instant seen,

Then into darkness darting far,
It seems as if it ne'er had been.

FORGET THEE.

"Forget thee!" If to dream by night, and muse on
thee by day;

If all the worship deep and wild a Poet's heart can
pay;

If prayers in absence, breathed for thee to heaven's
protecting power;

If winged thoughts that flit to thee—a thousand in
an hour;

If busy Fancy blending thee with all my future lot—

If this thou call'st "forgetting," thou indeed shalt be
forgot.

"Forget thee!"—Bid the forest birds forget their
sweetest tune;

"Forget thee!"—Bid the sea forget to swell beneath
the moon;

Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's re-
freshing dew;

Thyself forget thine own dear land and its moun-
tains wild and blue;

Forget each old familiar face, each long remember'd
spot;

When these things are forgot by thee, then thou
shalt be forgot.

Keep, if thou wilt thy maiden peace still calm and
 fancy-free;
 For God forbid thy gladsome heart should grow less
 glad for me;
 Yet while that heart is still unwon, oh! bid not mine
 to rove,
 But let it muse its humble faith, and uncomplaining
 love;
 If these preserved for patient years, at last avail me
 not,
 Forget me then;—but ne'er believe, that thou can'st
 be forgot.

B O O R H I L L.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * *

THE Boorhill, and the Troon point, form the two
 horns of a crescent, stretching nearly North and
 South: the town of — lies nearly in the centre.
 Roshill is situated on the same range of hills, of
 which the Boorhill is the termination, and lies on the
 northern extremity of the crescent.

From this eminence can be seen a great length
 of coast, extending nearly from Loch-ryan
 to the Largs. The lofty hills of Arran close the
 view on the south-west. Ireland can be seen in a
 clear day towards the northwest, and between, the
 wide expanse of the Atlantic Ocean opens upon the

view, and fills the imagination with an infinity of trackless waters, and the din of their incessant agitation.

The next evening I had seated myself in a small cave on the point of a rock which juts out into the Sea. The sun was sinking under Arran hills; his disk seemed to rest on one of their loftiest peaks, and his beams cast a silvery shade upon the sea which reflected them back like a mirror. Numerous fishing boats setting southward, were skimming its surface gently undulating with the evening breeze. The reflux of the ebbing tide murmured among the rocks. The sea fowl were flying thick around and flocks of wild ducks were riding here and there upon the waves. A stately West India Ship, laden with the produce of other climes, was sailing full canvass up the channel. While I was gazing on the scene before me, an old man rounded the peak, and entering the excavated part of the rock where I was sitting, placed himself beside me.

It was some time before he took any notice of me. He seemed entirely engrossed with his own thoughts, chasing the ideal phantoms which flitted across his own brain. I could read in the expression of his countenance that his mind dwelt upon painful recollections, for the pressure of some past calamity still continued to work itself out into a sigh.—Nature had moulded his face with fire and cheerfulness, but fortune had planted the traces of sorrow in it. The darkness of melancholy shrouded a happier complexion of mind, yet the rays of hope, or the bright consolations of religion, occasionally appeared to burst through it, as the cheering sun often bursts through of the gloomiest sky of winter.

After some time we entered into conversation. I made some remarks in admiration of the scene before

us. He seemed to acquiesce in them, but began to give a description of it in another state, in which he incorporated a short, but mournful tale.

It was in the month of December, five years ago, in the most tempestuous night I have witnessed in the progress of a long life, the inhabitants all over the coast were summoned by a fire set up on **ROCK POINT**, a little north of **Denure**, to see if they could render any assistance to a vessel which was cast ashore upon the rocks. The storm raged with relentless fury, unroofing the cottages, and spreading devastation on the land as well as on the sea. My friends tried to dissuade me from exposing myself to the inclemency of the night, but the call was too imperious to be resisted; for ever since my son **JAMES** went to Sea, I have had a strong sympathy for seamen, and no motives of ease or interest could prevent me from rendering them a service in distress, because the precarious fortune of my Son's life might also, one day, cause him to be indebted to a like sympathy from strangers.

I muffled myself up as well as I could, and set off in the direction of the place accompanied by the two men of the house. The wind howled fearfully among the trees, bending them almost to the earth. It was with great difficulty we could keep our feet, altho' we went by the glen behind the shore-hills to shelter ourselves from the chillness of the blast. The horrible darkness of the night, the roaring of the sea, the shrieking of the winds among the cliffs and caverns of the rocks, filled the mind with all the images of terror, and gave full scope for the affrighted imagination to fancy hostile spirits presiding relentlessly over the storm.

When we arrived at the bale-fire we found about a hundred men sheltering themselves under a covert,

erected with the masts and sails of some fishing boats, waiting with painful anxiety the break of day and the abatement of the storm, which they hoped would take place with the turn of the tide. Ebb tide commenced at eight in the morning, it might now be six.—Nothing could be seen around.—We heard the sea dashing upon the rocks and rebounding on itself.—A strong hurricane with sleet and rain battered against our covering; and in the dreary space between these gusts and during a momentary stillness of the sea, a few shrieks fell faintly upon the ear, and announced the work of suffering and death that was going on below.—Bye and bye, the storm rose higher in the air and produced a fearful commotion among the clouds, almost as dense as the watery element that lay before us. The moon far in the west, at intervals shone dimly through them, and discovered the appalling picture of distress, and how far the sufferers were removed beyond human aid.

Long-expected day now began to break darkly in the east, and to discover to us the situation of the Vessel. She was stranded on the more distant of the two reefs of rocks which you see stretching out into the sea, and whose black heads you may discern above the water. She stuck fast upon their rugged ridge, and by the time we saw her she was a TOTAL WRECK; great part of her stern was broken off, all the masts were gone, and the timbers of the fore part were separating from the keel. Every wave as it dashed over, heeled her from her position, and tumbled another fraction of the hull into the Sea. We saw four men yet clinging to the wreck, out of fifteen which as we afterwards learned, were on board ---there was also a female lashed to one of the props of the windlass, but from the helplessness in which

she rolled about, we conjectured she was dead from the coldness of the night.—One of the men waved a red woollen night-cap which he had on him, for assistance, which alas! it was not in our power to give.

The tide had now turned, but the violence of the storm did not abate. It changed round to the north and hastening the crisis of their fate, seemed eager to deliver the four victims, whom the angry sea had yet spared, to a watery grave. The cold had so benumbed them that they could hardly retain their hold. The foaming sea broke over and around them with unceasing rage—the part of the hull to which they clung separated with a tremendous crash, and tumbled over into the sea, plunging the unhappy sufferers into the dark abyss below. Three of them sunk to rise no more, but the other we saw stoutly clinging to a plank which was drifting towards the shore. A huge billow tossed him over the ridge into the sandy bay between the two reefs—he still clung to a plank—but it was the grasp of death—not of hope—for he was mortally bruised upon the rock, and was drawn to the shore expiring—Oh! think what were my feelings when I discovered him to be—MY SON—He turned his eyes once upon me, as I bent over him, and closed them for ever.

I walked slowly home behind the corpse, stupified by the suddenness of this fresh calamity. Already had I consigned to the grave the mortal remains of five children—and now the last and only one which providence had spared, was thus violently torn from me. When the pressure of grief is too great, it deadens sensibility to its torture, as an intense glare of light overcomes the power of vision. The heartstrings overstretched, cease to vibrate to the tone

of misery. Grief preyed upon the animal, because for the time it had destroyed every mental energy.

The mournful procession was now arrived at the farm house, situated on the face of the hill among the trees. The anxious family, such of them as could muster confidence, were timorously looking at the DROWNED SAILOR, but did not recognize the features, blanched and excoriated, as they were with the water and cold; and my statue-like stupefaction, which they mistook for indifference, did not apprise them who it was. The tender-hearted JESSE came too to take a hasty glance at what she dared not look upon—and fell back senseless on the floor.

Amidst the grief and agitation that prevailed, the situation of JESSE was forgotten. The preceding Spring, JAMES stopped for some weeks at Greenfield, and was often in company with JESSE, between whom the tenderest attachment had subsisted from their childhood. In their infant years they shared the same play-things; they went hand in hand to the village School, and were always happiest together. Their affection had been lessened nothing from the interruption their intercourse had suffered by JAMES's unhappy predilection for the sea. She in his absence associated with no other lover, and he found means of remitting from the farthest Indies the curiosities he had purchased for her. His experience and good conduct raised him high in the estimation of his employers who made him master of one of their vessels. Hope to these lovers now shone brightly on the future and promised that in a few months, after he should return from a trip to the Mediterranean, their destiny should be united for life. The event has shown how vain these illusions were.

It was a long time before JESSE could be recovered from that state of insensibility, into which the death

of her lover, and the ruin of her flattering hopes had thrown her.—Happy would it have been for the luckless maiden had the same grave closed upon them both.—She was a stranger to the misfortunes of life; no gall before had ever been mixed in her cup, and but one bitter draught made her heedless alike of its sorrows and its joys.—Her heart knew not to conquer misfortune, for she had never known it, and but once exposed to its terrors, her reason shrunk at the appearance and fled from her. For some months after this fatal catastrophe no persuasion could induce her to utter a single syllable. Her clear black eye that once looked in loveliness now sunk into its socket, dim and dry.—The smile that played upon her countenance remained, but it was the smile of a mild phrenzy, and like the ruins of ancient grandeur it infused the sentiment of melancholy as we looked upon it. The hair that used to be braided with exactness, now flowed loose and dishevelled on her shoulders; she went ill clothed and barefoot, the sad relic of departed loveliness.

As she is quite harmless we allow her in a great measure to follow her own inclination. She always shuns society, and seems to regard no one but myself; an affection arising perhaps from the kind attention I have always paid her. She is pleased in lingering about this scene where her happiness and reason were shipwrecked. I have seen her stand for six hours together, leaning upon a rock and idly gazing upon the sea. Sometimes she collects the spray and scatters it upon the beach. She will follow and shriek after the sea-gull and heron in their flight, or busy herself making a bed of the sea-weed which the tide throws upon the shore, as if she awaited the return of her lover! In these vagaries of the unsettled

mind, I am thankful to the kindness of Heaven she is not miserable. He has deprived her—it is true—of the power of real enjoyment, but he solaces her with ideal, and as it rests entirely within herself, may perhaps be less liable to disappointment.

She is wandering hereabout, continued the old man, I have come in search of her, as night draws on. Age has taken away that activity I once possessed and begins to unfit me for that duty for which alone life is desirable. I feel reluctant that JESSE should be exposed to an unfeeling world, which might perhaps, as it often does, make sport of her infirmity; and it is my daily prayer to the divine Being—for altho' his dispensations to me have been severe and mysterious, I CAN STILL TRUST HIS GOODNESS—that he will call her to the grave before me.—

We now saw JESSE at a distance, standing in the water which laved her feet, and following the waves as they retired. The old man descended the steep by some rude steps which the smugglers long ago had cut in the rock, for the greater facility of eluding the vigilance of the excisemen—And I returned to Ross-hill.

It must be evident to every one that the will is in the soul, and that the body acts under her direction. The body in fact may be compared to a Ship, of which the soul is Pilot and directs the helm, or more properly, to an empire over which she rules as Queen, and by means of the nerves and animal spirits, conveys her orders to every part of her dominions.

Judgement is the faculty of the soul by which we ascertain the different properties of things, and are able to determine what is most entitled to preference.

THOU ART, OH GOD!

BY E. S. W.

"THE day is thine, the night also is thine; thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth; thou hast made Summer and Winter."—PSALMS LXXIV. v. 16, 17.

Thou art, oh God! the life and light,
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day its farewell beam delays,
Among the opening clouds of even;
And we can almost think we gaze,
Through golden vistas' into Heaven:
Those hues that mark the Sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

When night with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies;
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume,
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes:
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
 And every flower that Summer wreathes,
 Is born beneath that kindling eye:
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

THE LAMENT OF LAURETTA SCÆVOLI.

BY E. B. R.

Minstrel! touch not the lyre again,
 Forgotten be its fitful strain!
 Wild Harp! let thy free spirit slumber!
 Breathe not, my lute! thine airy number!
 Lone Peri of Ionia's sea!
 Hush'd be thy murmuring melody;
 Soft as the airy hush of echo's sigh,
 Whisper my knell—the gayest heart must die.

Tell them! the bright and sunny smile,
 Dazzles to blight---beams to beguile;
 The gay, and festive wreath hath sear
 Leaves, 'mong youth's flowers, in life's dark year:
 The proudest of this sunny earth,
 Shall sit beside his lonely hearth, [cheer,
 And those whose kindly smiles were wont to
 Shall leave him in the winter of his year.

Tell them! the gay and sweetest flower,
 That e'er was nourished in some bower,
 Of eastern clime, by Hindoo maid,
 Even on the rosy lip may fade:
 Earth's proudest Despots pass away,
 Fleet as the sunbeam's dying ray;
 The raptured smiles that dance in Beauty's eye,
 The black, and wintry hate within belie.

Oh! cold as Beauty's gaze on Youth
 Reft from her cheek, when life's wild truth
 Flasheth upon her, and each gleam
 Of Joy hath glided as a dream—
 Lone as the tear of agony,
 Shed where no haughty eye can see, [now,
 Wasteth my soul—Hope's flowers are bloomless
 They wither'd as I wreath'd them round my
 [brow.

Macaronic Poetry.

In many schools, the practice of writing Macaronic Poetry is carried to an unwarrantable excess, perhaps more for the amusement it affords the Masters, than for any improvement it yields to the Pupils: but if pursued with moderation, I doubt not that in addition to the harmless amusement it produces, it tends to call forth some of those qualities of Genius, which no continued course of unremitting serious instruction can elicit.

Every Schoolboy remembers the lines,

Trumpeter unus erat
Qui costum scarletum habebat,
Habebat etiam periwig; etc.

As also the evil luck of a Cockney Sportsman on the first of September, who taking aim at a Hare, killed both his pointers by the first discharge of his double barrell'd Manton: the piece thus concludes—

Bang! bellow'd both barrels. Here! pronus sternuit each Dog,
Et Fuss in the interim trips away sub tegmine thornbush.

The celebrated EDMUND BURKE once composed a piece of Macaronic Poetry for one of his School-fellows, who was required to compose a Theme in Latin verse on the subject of a country Fair which he had visited, and could remember nothing but a fat Piper in a brown coat.

Piper erat fatus qui brownnum tegmen habebat. etc.

The following is as laughable an anecdote as I remember to have met with on the subject.

A School-boy, not very remarkable for the profundity of his intellect, in attempting to translate a passage from Ovid's metamorphoses,

Ubi dicitur altam
Coctilibus muris cinxisse Semiramis urbem.

was exceedingly puzzled with the words "coctilibus muris."

"I wish Jack," said he, turning to a proficient in the art macaronic, "you would teach me to construe this passage. See! here's ubi, where—Semiramis dicitur, Semiramis is said—cinxisse, to have girt—altam urbem, the tall city—but I can't understand coctilibus muris. Muris I suppose is the ablative case of mus—with mice"—"Well!" replied the wag, "and coctilibus means cock-tailed to be sure."

AT NEWSTEAD IN 1827.

BY J. F.

How calm, and oh, how beautiful !
 The midnight moon now sheds her silver gleam
 On the lone tomb of mouldering Genius,
 And Nature, hush'd asleep on silence' lap,
 No sound assails the wandering Pilgrim's ear,
 Save the soft music of the murmuring brook,
 Or the faint breathing of the Zephyr's sigh.
 Sweet sounds ! which, like the stream of fabled Lethe
 Would lull me to forgetfulness of life,
 And of the evils circling it around.

Sleep on, departed soul !

And peaceful be the slumbers of the dead.

But where are Ada's tears ?

Say spirit! hovering o'er this spot of woe
 Doth Nature, then, deny affection's tribute ?
 Oh no! it cannot. Creature of his hope !
 Sole idol of his heart ! come weep ! come weep !
 Upon thy Father's grave, this resting place of grief.
 Come ! bid thy thoughts return to other days,
 Wherein thy Sire, to woo him from his sorrow
 Would press a fond parental lip to thine;
 And thus obtain a respite from his wrong,
 Till haggard Thought's fixed finger pointed back
 To the drear desert of existence Oh !
 Though memory very feebly holds her sceptre
 O'er days gone by, yet think ! sweet Ada, think !
 When wearied by a world he scorn'd, and driven
 From that dear home to which his soul was chain'd,
 He sought oblivion on the Alpine heights,
 Or shores of Greece, alas ! he found it not.
 But still compelled to bear a life he loath'd,

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Clogged with a grief which preyed upon a heart
 As sensitive, as even sense itself,
 He quaff'd his Agony-filled-cup's last dregs
 And only found a refuge in the grave.

LINES WRITTEN BY A CONVICT

The Night previous to Execution.

BY J. P.

Silence steals o'er each earthly scene;
 And Dian, lonely midnight Queen!
 Alone smiles on a wretch, whose doom,
 Will, with tomorrow, close his tomb.
 Whose spirit freed from earth below,
 Its terrors, and its thrall of woe,
 Will drink the draught of perfect love,
 In Eden's bowers, far, far above.
 Upon my tomb—that unmark'd spot,
 By friends and foes, alike forgot—
 Though pity ne'er will deign to weep,
 Thy beams, pale Moon! shall softly sleep.
 And as the wind sighs round my grave,
 "Him, earthly mercy would not save!"
 On the pure bosom of its Saviour blest,
 My soul reposes in eternal rest.

Imagination is that extraordinary faculty by which we produce in our minds the ideas of objects and scenes which we have seen at some former period, and also of those we never beheld.

The Progress of Society.

BY J. D.

THE accounts given by all Nations of the existence of our race, prior to the dawn of History, are of such an imaginary or allegorical character, that the state of society during those remote periods, is shrouded in impenetrable obscurity. Man, however, must during those forgotten ages, have advanced very far in progressive improvement, as is clearly proved by the investigations of modern Science, corroborated by the records of the established nations of India and China, which claim for themselves an antiquity, as nations, that our chronology is far from allowing to the earth itself. Certain it is, that civilization, during even the recorded history of man, has been constantly advancing or retrograding like the changing waters of the restless ocean. Chaldæa, Egypt, Judæa, Greece, Carthage, Rome, and other nations, many whose names have not been handed down to us, have arisen from the barbarity of ignorance and savage life, progressed to the enjoyment of many of the benefits which art and science confer, and then (often suddenly) by the prevalence of some desolating vice, or the successful arms of surrounding barbarians, have fallen—lost their places among the nations, and mixed again with the dark elements from which they had originally emancipated themselves.

Traces of high intelligence and art, scattered over Asia, mark the site of a nation far advanced in refinement, whose memory is forever lost; and the state

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of society in which they lived, no authentic records describe. OVID, with much poetic licence, narrates the existence of a people in what, he terms, the golden age, whose lives were simple and innocent, and who, being governed by the finer feelings of our nature were consequently a happy race. The probability of such a stage of society existing is very great, and its annihilation may be equally probable from the general ascendancy of the lower propensities of contemporary nations. Other sections of the earth, not less unfortunate have alternately become the abodes of civilization at different periods, the attainments in the Arts and Sciences of which, still, attract our wonder and admiration; their laws, government, and philosophy still live in our own. Their Oratory, Poetry, Architecture and Sculpture are only studied and imitated by us. Ignorant of Printing, the art of immortalization, their only medium of record was either monuments, written papyrus, or parchment, which are but ill understood and only convey fragments of their attainments. Their biography of the great and good they inscribed on the heavens, and read in stars some benefactor of their race, which after ages, mistaking the original intention, rendered divine. Their Propagandi were sent to all parts, carrying with them the arts of peace and civilized life; even to the British Isles, WODEN found his way from Asia, not as a discoverer or a conqueror but as the herald of civilization; hence the ancient religion of the Britons, and hence the day in our week of Wednesday.

But their glorious and bloodless triumphs met a sad reverse in succeeding military conquest and barbarism: still, however, the Arts and Sciences find a resting place in some favourite spot. The Grecian sages, cultivating the higher powers of mind, illu-

med the general darkness; they lived in, suffered for, and breathed civilization, and to succeeding ages bequeathed their mantle. The rage for power and conquest goes on, but even victorious armies carry with them the seeds of Science, and sow them in their march.

The mitre succeeds the sword and ushers in the iron-age. Mistaking God and not knowing man, it sought to extinguish the qualities and existence of both on earth, and gave birth to another monster of power and government, namely, money capital. This power, although rendering man through the whole of his earthly career, its veriest slave—drying up the milk of human kindness—creating dire extremes in the social state—grasping in its cold hand the bounties of heaven and earth—and the fruitful parent of hypocrisy, crime and poverty, is destined, through the mediation of knowledge, to work out the general good, and give place to the social interests of mankind.

As in bygone ages, we still find on certain portions of the Globe, man existing in all the previous stages of Society; on some parts we find him wandering through the trackless forest, the wild untutored savage; leading a life of the greatest privation amidst the profusions of nature, little removed from the animals on which he feeds; on another, and a little more advanced, we find him tending his flocks and herds, forming relations with neighbouring families, and guiding his infant state by the experience of the aged; on another, still increasing his means of happiness, we find him turning his attention to the productions of the soil, increasing its bounties, and storing them up for future wants: while on another, we find him applying the Arts, Trade and Manufacture, to all the materials of wealth, and by commerce ma-

king the productions of every Country his own. Arrived at this stage, the Polity, Jurisprudence, Religion and Science of other Countries are generally borrowed and improved upon. Society then appears like the mountain torrent, all commotion, opposition, elevation, depression and change, till like it, on reaching some plain, it may become calm and reflect on its bosom the beauties of Nature.

Man through all these varied stages is but one and the same, circumstances only forming his character and modifying his existence. But may not a creature, thus tractable and varied in his powers and capabilities, be still advanced in civilization and improvement? Or shall we, as some grave Councils have done, give up this noblest work of Deity, as a specious piece of hopeless contradictions; and look upon the rise and advancement of Nations, as sage political economists have done, as bringing them nearer to sudden destruction? Fire, Racks, and Gibbets have been tried to alter and amend him by his benefactors, his principle of fear has been terribly experimented upon, but all have failed. Checks on population, the corn laws, and charity funds have been recommended as the only means of saving nations from decay, but these do not retard their progress.

Education has at length been tried as the last remedy for man, and the safety valve for nations. He is made acquainted with certain signs, marks, sounds and figures used by different nations at different times as the medium of communication, hence he is able to read, write and cypher. But his animal, or, instinctive powers of imitation and habit are still only called into action, while his moral powers are left unimproved and the intellectual made subservient to the animal. Nor need we wonder that these acquirements should only render him more capable of effect-

ing greater or more wickedness; and at the best enable him to procure a physical subsistence or promote the animal qualities of his nature to better advantages.

By the culture of plants and animals agreeable to all the properties of their nature they arrive at a far higher degree of perfection than they otherwise could attain, and to the same law of organized existence man forms no exception. Attending to this law, Sparta, Greece and Rome spared no labour or sacrifice to train the youthful warrior to perfection nor did they fail, but it was only an animal propensity they cultivated and yet it only could be assuaged in death. And cannot the youth of other and more refined times be trained to high intellectual and moral refinement, far more in accordance with the properties of human nature than the savage glories of the battle field? External Nature everywhere abounds with proofs that the Deity designed and ever wishes the good of his creatures. The perfect symmetry of the human frame, both externally and internally is wonderfully adapted for individual and social happiness. On the brow of Man, the highest elevation in front, as if he intended it to be the governing principle of all his actions, he has with his own finger implanted never to be effaced, (altho' like the diamond it may lie hid,) the bland quality of benevolence; next and above it, the quality of his own love, and of whatever is lovely; behind it the power of firm resolve, and around, the other moral sentiments all leading to general as well as individual good. Of the objects of external nature due intimation is afforded him by the senses; to supply his understanding with material he is furnished with the powers of perception, reflection and memory. To preserve and extend his species he is gifted with the

propensities, not less necessary to his happiness than the other powers; his home, his friends and self are their peculiar care. In this divine masterpiece no bad quality, no evil tendency, no corrupt principle exists, and yet through the different stages of civilization, the machine works ill. Infringements of the laws of external nature and violations of his intellectual and moral powers, appear in his actions, and entail misery and wretchedness on himself and others. But should any work of nature or any piece of art be turned upside down, its operations must be very defective. Should the movements of a watch be left without a regulator, time would be very erroneously represented. That most wonderful piece of all mechanism, the human mind, has been left to regulate itself, but the error lies in the proper balance never having been maintained between the intellectual, moral and active powers. The province of the active powers being only to lead to action without deciding its quality or tendency, the directing and regulating of which, is the office of the higher powers: and hence, from the ascendancy of the former and subserviency to them of the latter, all moral evil has been produced and continued. The whole of human Nature has therefore been grossly libelled and the labours of false theorists been totally unavailing. Nothing in material or immaterial nature tends to moral evil except the wrong direction of the active powers, under ignorance in the intellectual, and error in the moral feelings.

If the order of operation be then reversed, the intellect stored with knowledge and the moral powers placed in the ascendant, contrary effects must be produced and a brighter era of society established. The being that has progressed through four different stages may still be capable of advancing to ano-

ther and a higher stage, by the emancipation of the only legitimate directing powers of his nature. His Creator has set no bounds to his improvement and happiness, but has written on his works and in his word "go on to perfection."

The only barrier to such a stage, is the theories of the science of man which have been entertained, handed down from less enlightened times, and taught in the schools of Science, and practised in the world. But with one half the study mechanical science has received, and one half the truth of mathematical, these theories must become obsolete, as they are totally unable to account for the phenomena of human nature, and are in opposition to the harmony manifest throughout the whole of nature's works.

This Science, however, labours under greater disadvantages than any other, one of the greatest of which is the emoluments and endowments arising from the support of old opinions; another is, that public opinion has to be obtained in its favour before Universities will adopt and teach the true nature of Man. But the march of knowledge, or intellect is onward, "Truth is great and shall prevail." Each preceding stage of civilization naturally views the stage following it as Utopian. The mind of man is a particle of his spirit, who bestowed it. The faculty of improvement is the peculiar characteristic which distinguishes man from the lower animals, and blind and dark must the mind be that would limit, or annihilate the bright future of his race. There are three great principles which have been gradually dawning on the human mind since it began to be studied, and which, when received and acted upon, must usher in the fifth stage of civilization. The first of which is: That the character of man is formed by the circumstances attending, and the impressions made on his

original constitution. The second: That the circumstances attending and the impression made, acting on and with his intellectual, moral and active powers, form his will and decide his action. The third: That by the due cultivation of the intellectual and moral powers, the active powers must take a proper channel, and act under their dominion.

The human being must, therefore, be placed in the most beneficial situation, surrounded by the most intelligent, virtuous and kind instructors, and educated in Truth alone as far as know, without mixture of error, in order to the just developement of all his mental powers; and Love, instead of fear, (or rewards and punishments, which only affect the animal part of his nature,) must be made the only spring and coercion to action. Custom, imitation and habit three powerful principles in human action, must be enlisted on virtue's side, and guide the rising immortal in her course. Society is made up of individuals, and by being thus composed, the harmony evinced throughout the rest of Nature, must extend to the long jarring of the social system. "Order, Heavens first Law," must be universally established and moral evil, which infests society, become unknown. Self the great ruling principle of action must merge into the social,

"And find the private in the public good."

No attempts to alter or amend Society can be productive of any permanent good, no alteration in the form of government, no remission of taxes, or extension of trade can place it on a more substantial basis, no home or foreign colonization, no more equal distribution of property, no cottage and cow system, or poor law, can render any lasting relief to the prevailing evil. The gangrene lies at the root of the

tree, and until it be removed by proper culture and training, no healthy fruit can be produced. Happily for mankind, EDUCATION is now become a subject of deep and intense interest. It has now also become evident that mere mechanical tuition such as reading, writing, and accounts, as afforded to the lower orders of the community, or as Greek, Latin and Mathematics to the higher, are merely the means of acquiring, but do not constitute knowledge. If the Creator, has bestowed on the body, on the mind, and on external nature, certain determinate and unalterable constitutions, and arranged these so as to act on each other, and to produce happiness or misery, according to certain definite principles, as he most certainly has done, then, it is obvious that the very basis and elements of Education must be the communication of such information, the making the mind acquainted with such arrangements and training its faculties to act in strict accordance with them. "Man know thyself," is one of the oldest and best maxims, although the last to be studied. But when followed, and the knowledge obtained acted upon, human nature will assume a different aspect; and by the formation of institutions agreeable to, but not too far in advance of, the mental condition of man, successive stages of improvement must follow. Statistical tables have been made in England, France, and America, of what the compilers termed a comparative view of crime, and crime accompanied by violence, as perpetrated by the uneducated and educated, and certainly found a large majority of these crimes against the educated. But the term education is both misunderstood and misapplied by their mistaking the means of acquiring it for education itself. Barely to train the instinctive powers to be conversant in certain characters and their artificial relatives, falls far

short of enlightening the intellect, and of training and interesting the moral powers. Education, therefore, of all the powers and faculties affords the only hope of the amelioration of our social condition, and the future progression of civilization.

Hitherto, Man is the only anomaly known to exist; every species of the inferior animals act in strict accordance with all the powers and properties they possess, but the gifted human soul chiefly acts as guided by the blind impulses of the propensities. Every one is in eager pursuit of happiness, and fancies that could he obtain the object of his wishes he would be in possession of the chief good. But the good sought, and the happiness pursued, are only the gratification of the propensity which impels him.

Military Glory, Ambition, and Wealth, which proceed from the propensities, have chiefly been the objects that have attracted the misguided mind. And the past history of the world will decide how individuals of society have been benefitted by their pursuit. Happiness is to be sought where heaven alone has placed it, namely, in the due exercise of all the enabling powers he has bestowed on man.

Socrates, Plato and Grotius have taught that man, with his mind highly enlightened by knowledge, and the propensities of his nature governed by the affections, will advance to a far higher state of civilization and true enjoyment. Christ and his Apostles lived, suffered and died in introducing a system of universal love, but which system can only commence when the affections shall reign the supreme guides of human action. And, Pope has said,

“Grasp the whole world of reason, life and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.”

TO ALIZA, ON HER PORTRAIT.

BY THE EDITOR.

Thou dost not think that I possess
A token, so beloved, so rare.
Thy pictured image cannot bless,
But it consoles—it softens care.

Oh! oft, when bending o'er a face,
Whose features, graven on my heart,
Nor time, nor tide can e'er displace,
Or sever one, the slightest part;

I feel as if that gentle eye,
In wonted fondness beam'd on me;
As if that soft lip's parting sigh,
Still whisper'd truth was one with thee.

Yes! other scenes and minutes come,
In recollections thrilling train;
Which tell of thee, of bliss, of home,
Of Love, unspotted by a stain.

Alas! 'tis but a dream; yet sweet
Its tints, and beautiful its rays;
Such as the Paradise we meet,
In Eastern bards, impassioned lays.

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But let it go; the maddening theme,
 Is—once we met, yet I'm alone;
 Despair annihilates the dream
 Of promis'd bliss, for Hope is gone.

We met; ELIZA! was it well,
 To teach a heart too fondly thine,
 That dæmon Sorrow's gnawing hell,
 Yawns widely round affection's shrine.

I loved thee—aye, when childhood's tongue
 Could scarcely lisp in accents known;
 Youth framed the happy compact strong,
 And manhood made my heart thy throne.

I loved thee, as the Mother loves
 Her offspring, one dear, single child;
 Whose wayward acts she disapproves,
 But chides with condemnation mild.

'Tis true I bore no leading part,
 In Fame's loud Epics; yet I gave
 To thee, a pure, a faithful heart,
 A heart—thy Servant, or thy Slave.

I had no hope unmix'd with thee;
 I had no joy thou didst not share;
 Life's sweets were all thine own; and me—
 The woes of life 'twas mine to bear.

I loved thee—oh! such love as mine,
 Deserv'd that thou its truth should bless;
 And now—though hated I may pine—
 I feel I cannot love thee less.

RECOLLECTION.

BY W. B.—N.

I saw a maiden sweetly blush,
 To hear pronounc'd her Lover's name;
 Her eye flash'd with her secret joy,
 But still she shrunk with Virgin shame.

I saw her once a happy Bride,
 Devoted to her Bridegroom's pleasure;
 A Father's joy, a Mother's boast,
 Belov'd, and loving, beyond measure.

I saw the Wife—a Mother fond,
 Caress the infant God had given;
 And as she pressed it to her breast,
 Her heart's thanksgiving rose to Heaven.

I saw this Mother bath'd in tears,
 When life pass'd with her loved one's breath;
 And yet—her darling offspring smil'd,
 But ah! it was the smile of Death.

I saw Consumption's work begun,
And ended; all was quickly o'er;
The Maid, Wife, Mother sleeps, and now,
Joy, Sorrow, Pain, disturb no more.

The Youth of Canada.

THIS FORGET ME NOT, which comes out clad in silk and glittering with gold, to grace the hand of the fair as she sits in the bosom of the family circle, reading for their entertainment, these lighter offerings of the mind, can hardly with propriety be made the vehicle of those sterner truths, which experience and wisdom, with frowning aspect, often inculcate upon the thoughtless World. The home scene on which fancy has lighted, reminds us too that this is the season of holidays, and forbids us to intrude upon the sports and gayety of the young, with aught that might suggest to them the restraints of discipline and tasks, from which for a few days they have been set free. Let their young hearts bound with native gladness, and enjoy once more without an interruption, the sweet endearments of the parental home. Happy period! may its innocence and joy remain, long after the years of boyhood have passed away.

Fancy at this moment has assembled under our view, those numerous little domestic groups scattered throughout this extended territory; some in hou-

ses embosomed in the deep wilderness, seen only by the fond eyes of those that have lain in the same bosom, and the still fonder eyes of those that gave them birth;—some playing amidst the irregular hamlet that has risen up within a few months, where the woodman's axe has let in a wider prospect of sun and sky; some in more populous villages, ere long to become the towns and cities of a large empire. Looking upon the YOUTH OF CANADA as children of the same national family, something like a parental anxiety is awakened for their future well-being. *ECCE SPES ROMÆ.* Behold in them the men who will hereafter be entrusted with the inheritance of a nation's freedom!—Behold in these noisy, joyous imps—in whom fore-thought, the noblest attribute of reason is scarcely yet awakened—the men who shall ere long, be arbiters in the disputed rights of their fellow men; who shall sit on the tribunals of justice, and deliberate in the halls of Legislation; who shall declare the duties and the consolations of religion in the sanctuary of God, diffuse the light of Science and Learning in our Schools and Colleges, and transmit the impression of their own characters to succeeding and expanding generations. How momentous the destruction of these now playful and thoughtless groups! With what devout ardor should the good and patriotic watch over them, and so direct the influences which form their character, that the State may not only receive no detriment, but the greatest possible good from that career which lies before them. Without encroaching on this season of their mirth and playfulness, we may exercise a parental solicitude, and indulge affection in forming schemes for those who are its dear objects.

It is EDUCATION that must form these Youth to

what they ought to be, for their own happiness and the prosperity of their country. The mind—the heart must receive its appropriate culture, that they may become men, industrious, enlightened, free, christian and contented.

For this purpose sufficient means must be provided every where for their instruction and moral discipline. Schools must be established in every vicinage, under the care of educated and religious Teachers; and since superior knowledge can scarce be aught but a light to lead astray, unless brought under the direction of pure Religion, the Christian temple should overshadow the School with its pure and hallowing ministrations.

And what idea does one delight to frame of a Village School? Surely, we cannot be satisfied with those miserable substitutes which the traveller in Canada occasionally meets with by the way side, in some unsightly angle of a field, which its owner for his own convenience or in a fit of factitious liberality, permitted to be thus occupied, because he could not with any profit, subject it to the plough! Is that deal box, rudely finished, without a foundation, already beginning to fall into decay, although it has not stood five winters; its windows without glass, and its doors without hinges; more resembling the remains of an Indian wigwam, than any thing that civilization would own—is that to be taken as a desirable specimen of a Canadian village School? Nor is the interior with its furniture, unsuitable to the outward appearance. Its seats of rough slabs supported on pins; its desks of unplanned boards; its mud floor, and its unplastered wall, force memory back to a period when the Aborigines of the forest ranged in its locality, armed with miniature bows and arrows in pursuit of squirrels—untamed

and swift-footed as themselves; when no idea of EDUCATION was known among their tribe, and no word denoting it had been coined in their speech. In this miserable shed, however, survey that small group of interesting faces, with eyes beaming fire that might be wrought into intelligence, or even genius, jumping in riot, or lounging in listlessness, around a person seated on a slab raised on taller pins, who seems to hold the office of instructor among them. Alas! in what can he instruct them? His dress, his manner, his person, might have been taken by Hogarth for the picture of arrant ignorance and vulgarity. His dialect is vilely provincial; his reading, untuned, vociferous and inaccurate; he is unable to spell correctly the simplest words; his hand-writing is an illegible scrawl, and the clever boy beside him, perplexes him with the simplest question in Cocker. What could have induced Parents who love their children, to commit them to the tuition of such an Empiric? Ah! some of the neighbours found him at a tavern close by "last Fall;" he was out of employment; he offered his services very cheap TO KEEP SCHOOL for the Winter; and without more ado, he was installed into the office of Schoolmaster, and this interesting little group, endued with minds capable of being trained to any excellence, is committed to his care, that learning may be rendered contemptible in their eyes, and that they may come forth in due time with all their teacher's blemishes transferred to themselves.

Would that this were the end of the misfortune. But the miserable hovel is doomed to change its principal occupant, somewhat oftener than the sty that is placed over against it—as if in mockery. In three months the protean pedagogue takes his leave, to

seek some other occupation more profitable, and better adapted to his tastes and attainments. The School is left without a teacher, until some other vagrant comes round in his wanderings "next Fall"—his qualifications as mean as his predecessor's, and his character, though different in its traits, presenting quite as much deformity. Thus, multitudes of the national family live in danger of becoming like those who teach them, rude, unsettled, presumptuous and insubordinate—scorpions to their parents, the tools of anarchists, and the pests of Society.

There is a much more certain connection between these results and their causes, than the unreflecting are apt to imagine. Associations of thought and feeling are readily formed in early life, and give a deep tincture to the whole future being. It must therefore have the most unhappy tendency to associate the processes of EDUCATION, (which is designed to form and exalt the character) with ideas that are mean, corrupt and vicious. The very place where instruction is received casts its shade upon it. Fancy can hardly conceive any thing good to come out of those mean and ruinous sheds, often appropriated in this country to the education of Youth—smothered in thickets and enveloped with the pestilential miasms of the swamp. Is not the Boy doomed to receive the first rudiments of education in such unfavourable circumstances, in danger of becoming dull, languid and grovelling? But when to this, is added a master in keeping with the locality—a person of unsettled and vicious habits—who has assumed an office for which he had never prepared himself, to abandon it again after a few months, for the servile employments for which alone he is fitted—then is education put in nearly the worst conceivable state, and the community that can remain

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satisfied with it, is fast declining towards the darkness of a barbarous age.

In contrast with such sights and forebodings, one delights to turn to the more pleasing prospects now presented in some of the countries of Europe, in which every thing connected with the education of Youth is placed on that footing on which it ought to be, in every community so far enlightened as to perceive, that the education of its Youth is one of the most sacred duties of a free state. One of the sights often seen in those countries, is the commodious and durable edifices, in situations pleasantly chosen and convenient to a neighbourhood, to which its children repair for the cultivation of their minds. A friend of children would desire that every thing in the sight, and plan, and arrangement of the School edifice, and its play ground, might be fitted to suggest only such agreeable thoughts as would endear to them, even the mute, inanimate objects, near which the young idea had been taught to shoot. Without deviating from the design of such an edifice, we would have it the fairest, the neatest, the most commodious in all the village; we would have every thing about it to suggest the idea, that this is one of the Nation's nurseries of wisdom and worth; and all, so permanent and durable, that its pupils might return after many long years, and find in their wonted places the objects with which their young hearts had formed many delightful associations, of which the remembrance had soothed the more chequered and toilsome years, which have rolled by since they were separated from these scenes of their boyhood. These youthful remembrances are the germs of many virtues; they bind the affections to the place of our birth, they endear science by the scenes where she was first courted, fill the soul with a patriotic love for the

country, which has twisted itself by so many fibres around the heart, and will not permit us to forget it.

Nescio qua natale solum, dulcedine captos
Ducit et immemores, non sinit esse sul.

Attaching such importance even to the places and scenes in which Youth is imbued with the love of knowledge, and introduced to the path which conducts to virtue and happiness, we attach still more to the description of persons who shall preside over their education. For a teacher of youth, whether it be his profession or not, communicates to those committed to his charge, far more than the mere rudiments of scholarship, which it is his professed object to teach. If his pupils are any considerable time under his care, they will, from that principle of imitation which is so strong in early life, be led to adopt his manners, his modes of expression, his habits of thinking, and even the peculiarities of his moral character. In the degree that they love and esteem him, (and if they do not bear him some regard, it will tell inauspiciously upon their improvement) his influence in awakening and directing the imitative faculty, will be the greater, and they will come from under his tuition, bearing more legibly the transcript of his image. Those only who have been accustomed to reflect on the causes which operated in early life in the formation of their character, can tell how much they have been indebted to a good teacher, or how much they have lost by falling under the ruinous management of a bad one. Next to the influence of parental and domestic manners upon the young, even sometimes greater, will be that of the person to whom their education is committed.

Entertaining these views, and having a sincere re-

gard for the YOUTH OF CANADA all of whom, as in one group, we seem to have under our paternal eye in their Christmas revels, we cannot but feel a lively concern, that those to whom the momentous task of their education shall be entrusted, may be qualified for the office. And in order to secure the services of such, we would make the office worthy of their acceptance, by its emoluments, immunities, and secure establishment. Since on them will depend, in a great measure, the future intelligence, virtue, and greatness of the commonwealth, we would demand from them a guarantee proportionate to the trust reposed in them ; and we would give in return, rewards and distinctions proportionate to our demands. The most respectable families in the community, might then be induced to furnish labourers for this department of the public service ; hence, the standard of education would be raised in these families, and the teacher himself, being linked by the ties of kindred and affection with the families from which his pupils are drawn, would have a deeper interest in their improvement, and be an object of their greater regard. His character and talents, nurtured from youth under the eye of his neighbourhood, would secure its respect and confidence, and his relationship to the standard families, would serve to screen him from the effects of that caprice and inconstancy, to which the instructors of Youth, above all others, are exposed. The occupation of schoolmasters, being thus constituted honourable, would become an object of laudable ambition ; candidates, properly qualified, would be drawn into the field from the best classes of society ; and the respect attracted towards them, would secure that salutary authority and influence over the minds, both of parents and children which every teacher should possess, in order to his com-

plete success. Were the office thus honoured, rewarded, and competently filled, the instructors of Youth would become the lights and guides of their vicinage, and the State would derive advantages in a thousand ways, to convince those at its helm, that the resources of a country can never be better employed, than in promoting intelligence and virtue among its people.

Effectually to secure these objects, therefore, should be the constant and deliberate aim of every enlightened legislature, since without its interference they are unattainable in any state of society—and as much unattainable in Canada, as in any state of society that ever existed. Such miserable school-houses and teachers as we have sketched above, are almost universal throughout the Province, and it may well be doubted whether growing wealth shall ever of itself, lead to any great and general improvement. Many localities might be pointed out in which the settlers have become even opulent, but their state of education has not advanced one step beyond the point they had reached, after the first few years of their settlement. It would seem, that habituated to this low state of things, nothing can arouse them to make any effective exertions for its amelioration. When, moreover, it is considered how intent many parents are on a CHEAP EDUCATION, whatever be its quality; how grudgingly they spare their children the time necessary for its attainment; how generally they confine it only to those few months in the year, in which their children are not required for the labours of the field—reason sufficient appears to sustain the conclusion, that the system of EDUCATION in this country will not soon be greatly improved, unless the Legislature make such provision as shall render it in a

great degree, independent of the voluntary exertions of the people.

No one will dispute that it is the duty of every good Government, to employ every available means for a purpose so intimately connected with its own well-being. It matters nothing that the multitude should be unconscious of the evils of popular ignorance and averse to their removal. When the peace and safety of the state is endangered, popular apathy or opposition, cannot be received in apology for any statesman, who shall permit it to suffer *detriment. It is the principal duty of Rulers, whether hereditary or elective, to secure by all means the well-being of the governed, and it may be assumed that, in all free nations at least, the Legislature will contain persons competent to devise these means. To them it rightfully belongs; and it should be their noble aim to bring the public mind up to that higher standard which they are competent to prescribe, and THAT, even though it should vent itself in clamor, and reluctantly against the aggression made upon its prejudices and indolence.

To what extent it may be in the power of our Legislature to find means for the establishment of such a system of EDUCATION as we have hinted at, we will not at present inquire. But with so much unappropriated land at its disposal, and with wealth increasing rapidly among its people, failure from a de-

* *Videret ne quid respublica detrimenti caperet.* "Take care that the republic suffer no injury," were the last words which the Roman Senate uttered to the Consul when he was sent to repel an enemy. The same should be the last words which the Representatives of a free people should hear from their Constituents, as they depart to their Legislative Assemblies; and it were well that both were then reminded, that nations have sustained more detriment from ignorance and corruption than from invading Armies.

iciency of funds is not to be apprehended, if once the Government shall have taken it fairly in hand. It cannot be purposed in the circumstances of a new country, to lay out an extravagant expenditure, either upon school edifices or endowments. Nothing more is desirable than that a School-room sufficiently commodious be provided in each School District, and a residence for the teacher and his family equal to those enjoyed by persons in a similar rank of Society—built however, with such neatness and durability as may indicate the liberality of the state in the education of its people. As for the emoluments of the teacher, it will not be deemed an exorbitant proposal, that they should be worthy of the abilities he brings to the public service; that they shall not be inferior to the average emoluments of the more respectable families of the vicinage; that they shall afford to him and his family the same comforts and prospects, which he might have secured for himself in other departments of business. By granting so much the community would be a gainer. For the more intelligence and virtue is diffused, (and what more effectual method of diffusing them than the agency we are contemplating?) the expenditure on the administration of Justice, on prisons and penitentiaries, will be diminished. It is a blind and barbarous policy which provides amply for the punishment of criminals, but neglects the means for the prevention of crime.

As in every complete system of national education teaching must be elevated to the rank of a profession, it will be necessary to secure the means of a special preparation for it—such as are enjoyed by other professions not more important, and for which the necessary skill is not of more difficult attainment. The Students of Law and Medicine, and the candidates for the Church, must pass through a course of study

and instruction ere they can be admitted to practise in their professions. The same rule and founded on similar reasons, should be followed in the profession of teaching. Besides the proper attainments in scholarship, it should be rendered imperative on all candidates for a public School to attend a normal School, under care of teachers of the highest class, that they may acquire practical skill in the most approved method of conducting a public School: and after a fixed period of probation there, a diploma should be granted certifying their eligibility to the office of Schoolmaster. By thus enforcing some uniform course of preparation, teachers properly qualified would be prepared, and the unknown and uncertified vagrant would be unable to obtrude his services.

The Legislature, having thus determined by law the proper qualifications of teachers, eligible to Schools endowed by the State, and provided a normal School where these might be acquired, it would become a matter of less moment with whom the power of electing a teacher to any particular School rested. The selection might then safely be left to Trustees chosen by the inhabitants of each District School, who, it might be hoped, would in general be disposed to prefer a candidate connected with the families of the District—a preference which we deem highly desirable for reasons previously stated. But while the right of election might properly be made to rest with them, the power of confirming it should be reserved to some Officer of the Government, corresponding to that which in France is called the MINISTER OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, and after the election was ratified by this officer, the teacher should be regarded as under his jurisdiction. This is desirable to render the teacher independent of all local influence, and in order to secure to him due authority in carry

ing into effect that plan of education in which he has been instructed, and in maintaining that strict discipline, with which the carelessness and partiality of parents might sometimes interfere. Besides, it has been observed that cabals are apt to be formed in small communities against those whose duty may compel them to assail prejudices, which for the interest of the parties themselves ought to be counteracted—and, therefore, we would have the permanence of the office, and as much as possible its emoluments, beyond the reach of harm from the disputes and bickerings of the village. The right of appeal to the Minister of Public Instruction in cases of misconduct on the part of the teacher would be sufficient to guard the interests of both parties. Every system of public education in which these principles are neglected, will only disappoint the expectation of the projector, and waste the resources of the country.

In legislating on the subject of education, it ought not to be hastily assumed that any great portion of the community will greatly favour any scheme or standard, different from, or far exceeding that, with which they have been accustomed to compare themselves; and if the views of the Legislator be far in advance of vulgar opinion, he will need to avail himself of every auxiliary at his command, to secure their practical adoption. Under such a Government as ours and in the present infancy of the Province, it might not perhaps be advisable to render it compulsory on parents to educate children up to some prescribed standard, even though the means were provided by the State, and within the reach of all; but we should deem it not unsuitable even now to enact, that no individual unless he be qualified by education according to some prescribed degree, shall be en-

titled to exercise the rights of a freeman; that he shall not be admitted to sit in Juries; that he shall not be appointed to the office of a magistrate, or any other office in the gift of the Crown; in fine, that though he shall enjoy equally as others the protection of the State, he shall not enjoy any of its honours or patronage, or be permitted to hold any office requiring a higher degree of intelligence, than it is to be presumed an uneducated person in ordinary circumstances can possess. Nor should disfranchisement on this ground be deemed at all unequal. By our laws, some property is necessary as a qualification for certain civil rights; and why may not some measure of intelligence be prescribed as a qualification for certain civil rights, as well as some measure of property? Of the two, intelligence is even more necessary than property, as a safeguard for the proper exercise of any right with which the State has invested its subjects.

To render these motives still more influential, qualifications for offices of profit and honour, might be made to embrace, not merely the intellectual results of education, to which the term is commonly restricted, but also its moral results; for these as well as the former constitute an essential branch of that preparation which is necessary to prepare all for fulfilling the duties which they owe to Society. Flagrant vice should be declared by law, a disqualification for the exercise of certain rights and the enjoyment of certain honours, as well as gross ignorance. Without straining this point to an impracticable rigour, such as the present temper of our population could not bear, it might be considered quite competent for the Legislature to enact, that all persons convicted of felony in a court of Justice, or who may be charged with fraud, habitual drunkenness, or any crime or misdemeanour by which the peace of Society is

disturbed or its morality corrupted—shall forfeit for a time, or perpetually, according to the aggravation of the offence, their privileges as freemen, and their eligibility to any office of honour or profit, at the disposal of the Crown, or of any public body. Such deprivations would operate as restraints on the commission of crimes and immoralities, and would combine with other motives to promote education and public virtue.

But there is one other element of success, without which all the means that the State can furnish, and all the sanctions of municipal law in favour of a system of national education, will be nugatory;—this element is parental discipline and authority. Nothing can supply the place of that domestic training, required by the constitution of our nature and the relations of life. Its influence may not be so direct upon the intelligence of the young; but it is all in all upon their character—a fact, which is continually forcing itself upon the observation of those to whom their education is professionally committed. A boy who is placed under no restraint at home; who is continually setting the authority of his parent at defiance; in whose mind there is not the slightest feeling of subordination—will hardly fail to thwart the most assiduous efforts of his teacher. The full remedy for this evil is not within the reach of the Legislator. It belongs to a higher department than human jurisprudence. The means that can enforce it must come from Heaven.

For these reasons no system of education, except that which is distinctly engrafted upon religion, can ever be complete, or successful in producing a wise and virtuous people. It alone can give life, vigour and stability to any plan. It will make the nursery a preparation for the School. When the authority

of the parent and the obedience of the child have been exercised from religious considerations, the teacher's task will be easy. And when he also mingles the lessons of piety with the tasks of Scholarship, it may be hoped, the knowledge acquired will be accompanied by a divine, directing power, which will guide its possessor to virtue, honour and immortality.

Let us stop our excursion now that we have reached an agreeable conclusion and breathe the patriotic prayer, that while nature and religion prompt and govern the parental instincts, the State may also, as a common parent, perform its part, and employ its wisdom and resources in providing education for the YOUTH OF CANADA, whose intelligence and worth will be the noblest monument of their Sires—

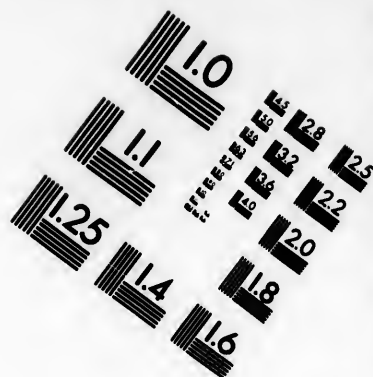
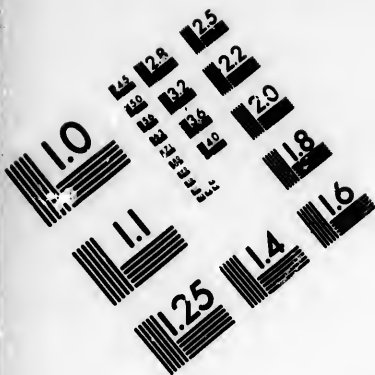
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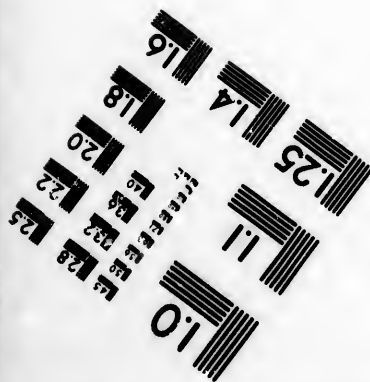
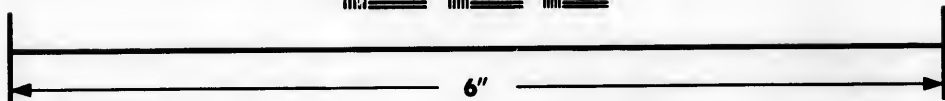
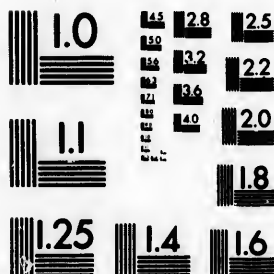
BY _____.

Howe'er Men rank it, 'tis an unblest'd Gift.
 This knowledge of futurity's events !
 This plucking information from the Chaos
 Of things, scarce generate in the womb of Fate !
 This wild unravelling of unform'd mysteries
 Conceal'd in the dark shadows of to-come !
 Why will men still pry into hidden things ?
 When knowledge, thus obtain'd, robs future joy
 Of half its sweets, and adds one pang the more
 To sorrow thus assured. Why will they do so ?
 Since 'tis Prosperity's chief joyousness
 To deem it firmly fix'd ; and sad adversity
 Becomes less cheerless as we feel Hope's smiles





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Predicting that a change will soon disperse
 The clouds and vapours which oppress the mind,
 Oh ! who would wish to lose his comforter !
 If Man could view th' whole tenour of his life ;
 The thorns and pit falls strewn along his path ;
 The dangers and reverses which are sure ;
 The disappointments and fell enemies
 He must encounter, with a load of ills
 That seldom enter into calculation ;
 Could he at once see all the dreary prospect,
 Would he have courage to encounter it,
 In the detail ? No ! rather he would shrink
 From life, as from some pestilential ill.
 But since these things are hidden, on he stumbles,
 Still cheer'd in Sorrow with celestial Hope,
 Which, whilst a doubt hangs quiv'ring o'er the future
 Is ever ready with her gentle aid,
 To soothe the wounded bosom.

WRITTEN IN A CEMETERY.

BY _____.

GRAVES are around me; and the sculptured stone
 Bears record of mortality at rest!
 Graves are around me; and I muse alone,
 With life's exhausting fever in my breast;
 And the vain strife of hope, with grief and tears,
 And the sad memory of my vanished years.

The old are stretched before me in the dust—

Fresh grass is springing o'er the fair and young—
Sealed up from treachery, coldness and mistrust,

That deal their poison from the eye and tongue.
Their bitter hour is past; and safe on shore,
Their bark can plough the stormy sea no more.

Sons of my Father on the eternal throne,

And daughters of His family! ye have past
Away from earth's wide lazar house, and none
Shall feel again its pestilential blast.

The fragrant breath of Heaven sustains you now,
And all its glory shines upon your brow.

Ye have passed on before me! I must tread

The same dark passage, to the same abode;

And when its shadow wraps my weary head,

Some spirit, yet encumbered with its load,

May point a moral o'er me, at its will,

When all these throbs are hushed—these beating
pulses still.

But far—far hence are sepulchres, where sleep

The ashes of my dear ones,—Not for me

The sacred privilege o'er them to weep,

In Nature's own deep tenderness, may be.

Oh! where the loved—the lost have found a tomb,

What broken heart but fondly seeks its home!

Then, though I see the blooming flowers of Spring,
 Thick clustering in this "city of the dead"—
 What, though the turf, in many an emerald ring,
 With graceful curve, sweeps round each narrow
 bed:
 For my own last, long slumber, I would crave,
 Where those who loved me, sleep, an unembellished
 grave.

I THINK OF THEE.

BY ———.

When thou at eventide art roaming
 Along the elm-o'ershaded walk,
 Where fast the eddying stream is foaming
 Beneath its tiny cataract,—
 Where I with thee was wont to talk,—
 Think thou upon the days gone by,
 And heave a sigh!

When sails the moon above the mountains,
 And cloudless skies are purely blue,
 And sparkle in the light the fountains,
 And darker frowns the lonely yew,—
 Then be thou melancholy too,
 When musing on the hours I proved
 With thee, beloved!

When wakes the dawn upon thy dwelling,
 And lingering shadows disappear,
 And soft the woodland songs are swelling,
 A choral anthem on thine ear,—
 Think—for that hour to thought is dear—
 And then her flight remembrance brings
 To by-past things.

To me, through every season, dearest,
 In every scene—by day, by night—
 Thou present to my mind appearest
 A quenchless star, for ever bright!
 My solitary, sole delight!
 Alone—in grove—by shore—at sea—
 I think of thee!

* * * * *

Now the the scenes of thy youth are removed,
 And thine eyes no more meltingly dwell
 On the spot where the friends thou hast loved
 Still sigh to have bade thee farewell;

O cease not my image to blend
 With the heart-cheering thought of past glee;
 While Fancy, to cheer me, shall send
 The sweet recollection of thee!

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A CANOE VOYAGE.

BY _____.

Two modes of locomotion meet the native of Britain who comes to Canada as novelties. He may glide over the land in a Sleigh, or through the water in a Canoe. Most soon practically satisfy themselves of the merits of the former, but it is only now and then that those which the latter may truly boast, chance to be discovered. This is a pity; for,—if the reader will trust one who should know—a real lover of nature can never have a more pleasant meeting with her in Canada, than paddle in hand in a birch bark Canoe. He must be a true lover however, to others I would not recommend the project—but, if he be really enamoured, and “so happy with his mistress all alone”—then he may safely thus trust himself to Canadian waters and woods. See! he is in the stern of a light Canoe, a trusty friend in the bow; a glorious summer sky above! around them stretch the glassy waters, scarce ruffled by their fairy skiff, so lightly, in yielding to the gentle dipping of the paddle, does she steal over the surface. The prospect opens before them wide and far, but we must content ourselves with some small fragment of it. That Island on their weather bow will serve. How beautifully tranquil and calm, a mass of the richest foliage, cluster above cluster of every varying form and tinge rests, as if in quiet sleep on the smooth bosom of the lake! They near it—a grassy glade not wider than a well spread elm would fill, opens on them. The wild vine has taken advantage of it to spread its

riches to the sun, their eyes are caught by the graceful festoons with which it has hung the old butternut, and now they can see there is no want of life; the bright plumage of the blue jay first betrays it in its restless flutterings from branch to branch; then the squirrel stops in his quest after nuts ripe enough to be cracked, and sets up his angry chatter at the intruders; and again, what alarm is that?—they turn a quick sideward glance, and just over that little rushy point, a flock of wild ducks scared at the dangerous proximity, with flap, and flash, and flutter, are hastily getting on wing. The pair have rested from their paddles to look about them. Both exclaim, A TERRIBLE we must stop here. They had been looking out for a breakfast table and here it is. They have landed. One with practised skill is setting the fire agoing: the spark has caught, the spunk has been wrapped in dry bark and burst into flame, the axe has rung on some old stem, and the withered boughs give out a cheerful blaze. The other meanwhile has not been idle. The provision chest is on shore, the coffee smokes, ham, eggs, &c. are displayed, and the two stretch themselves along the soft green grass to eat and chat. Where will evening find them? In truth I know not. Perhaps they may rest near where they now are, and bound their curiosity to circumnavigating island after island, and their exploits to capturing some dozen or so of the funny indwellers of the lake. Many a stream too, falls into that lake, each worthy of being explored. Or they may wish to see what their bark can do on smooth water, and as they have yet ten hours good till sun-set, his last rays may fall on them forty or fifty miles from their present station. Or—they may tire of the sleep of the waters in lake and gently flowing river, and turning from them to their wakening to life in the rapids,

give themselves up to the short but stirring pleasure of a dance down them, with shoot and bound in swift and wild career. But wherever the evening sun may rest on them, if I augur aright it will find them with cheerful hearts thankful for one days pleasure, for one days fellowship with God's creatures as they exist apart from the hackneyed microcosm of man, each glorious in his kind and happy in his sphere, and all thrilling with a general hymn of joy to the great fountain of life and happiness. Their tent pitched upon the shore, a well piled fire burns bright before it, and gaily shines out each bough and bush it flashes on. Their home of a night in the good green wood looks cheerful—leave we them to their healthful slumbers.

This much at least, I can say in favour of such days and nights, that many like them I have passed with pleasure in years that are now long gone by, and mostly in company of friends equally delighted in them with myself. The spirit of adventure grows by indulgence, and we by degrees became so adventurous that our ambition could not longer be satisfied with fresh water, and we determined on following the Saint Lawrence till we saw him fairly mingling with old ocean.

Some extracts from the journal of such a voyage, dressed out in a suit of the best black and white by the erudite hands of the publisher, with due obeisance to the gentle reader, now solicit him to allay the tremor of their debut, by according them ten minutes of his favourable regards. Perhaps they may be the better fitted to win these, that the voyage they describe, unlike our voyagings on fresh water, had its disasters.

It was on the 12th of August 182— that having provisioned our Canoe for ten or twelve days, we launched out into the flood that sweeps past Quebec.

The Falls of Mountmorency detained us some hours; we then held on our course by the channel into which these empty—that passing to the north of the island of Orleans. At the termination of this channel about thirty miles below Quebec, the character of the scenery and the navigation changes. For fertile and level banks, you have rock and mountain; for river and lake, a swelling tide and often a surgy sea. The great granitic range that fills the extreme north of this continent, having passed some distance in rear of Quebec, comes down here bold and precipitous to form one shore, while on the other those remains of the Alleghany mountains on which American Geographers dot their boundary lines, having kept on their north east course through New England and the Eastern Townships, raise their dark and shaggy fronts at a little distance from the bank. Between these lies the channel of the Saint Lawrence, varying in breadth at first from ten to twenty miles, but still expanding as you descend. Here its ample waters have their first meeting with the Atlantic. Ere they can find an exit, up and down this rock bound frith, for such in truth it is, they must submit to be hurried by the restless working of the Atlantic tides, now bearing the briny flood against them with a force that makes the recoil felt half way up to Montreal, and then retreating in such haste, that their wide and often travelled track is all of a swirl from side to side.

We came only to the borders of the new region the first day, passing the night on a domain of the Catholic Priests of Quebec.—A sheltered sunny nook, such as their bretheren have ever had the taste to choose—a green patch of rich alluvial, walled in by the rocky and mountainous region on which it borders.

Nothing in village scenery in my opinion can excel in beauty the fine old elms that one meets with in Lower Canada—the growth of two centuries of clearings, they stretch out their magnificent boughs and gracefully drooping foliage, till they spread a wide shade over the white walled cottages of the hamlet, and the clear current that sweeps by it. Here were many of those noble trees, and in company with adjuncts to the beauty of the landscape. I have not seen elsewhere in Lower Canada, such luxuriant pastures and large herds of well fed, glossy-skinned cattle.

Breakfast had been discussed and we had made two leagues ere the sun was many hours high. On the left the granitic peaks which had been in view all the preceding day, and close under which we were steering, rose above us to the height of twelve or eighteen hundred feet, bare and desolate, unless here and there where a growth of stunted pine and birch partially covered them, having their bases washed by the sea green waters of the Atlantic, which the coming tide brought up in long billowy swells. In such a situation a small birch bark Canoe looks very small, so, though the novelty and magnificence of the scene were not lost on us, we loitered not on our way but plied our paddles vigorously, glad to see cape after cape receding until at mid-day, after making about twenty-five miles, we had left them all fairly behind us and found a quiet resting place in a beautiful land-locked little bay. A few hours pleasant exertion of the muscles of the arm and chest, and two insignificant looking bits of stick had brought a complete change of scene. Around and above us the sun shone bright on crag, and cliff, and tree, and streamlet and tiny waterfall, massed in every varying and fantastic form; beneath us the cool calm glassy water, the most perfect of mirrors,

gave back each shape that fell on it with such truth that it was often difficult to say what was image and what reality, and we seemed up-born over a fairy world meeting and yet mocking us, scattered by a stroke of the paddle and again slowly settling into the self same form as before.

Leaving our peaceful little harbour we again pushed out upon the open tide. We now approached a part of the coast which according to Charlevoix had shortly previous to his time been subjected to the ravages of an earthquake. The traces of such a calamity are nearly obliterated, but an enemy is at work whose inroads though less fearful, seem likely in the end to be as destructive. This settlement, at which we passed the night, lies on a small level plain skirting the base of the mountains, and probably alluvial. This at an early period had attracted the French Canadians to the spot and it yet boasts of its Church and little village, but every year the violence of the waves of winter, undermining the edges of the flat, carry off more or less of it, and they must at no distant period take possession of the whole. There being no place on which we could conveniently CAMP OUT we slept in the house of a Canadian HABITANT. We found him as they all are, glad to see strangers, polite, ready and happy to oblige, and succeeding the better in this by not being the least GENE, or put out of his way, by an intrusion which, to an English settler, in similar circumstances, would have been an insufferable annoyance. In the morning I climbed with our host the steep hill in rear of his habitation to see a small patch of level ground of which he boasted, lying on the face of the mountain, and which he had been endeavouring to turn to use, hoping in this way to replace the land below that the Sea was stealing from him. He had succeeded

at least in getting a good crop of oats from a part of the surface of less than an acre in extent, approaching to the level, and slightly covered with sandy soil. To see such a field surrounded by rocks and pine trees, cultivated by a Canadian, might have given good materials for a lecture on the virtues of necessity. The scene itself that spread before us, was worth some climbing to have a view of. Around, the eye was carried over a succession of rocky hills and partially wooded mountains, marked here and there by some feeble attempts of man to assert his claim of dominion; below, the great Saint Lawrence shone like burnished silver under the early rays of the sun.

A league or two below this, lay a danger to our navigation, y^ecleped the GAUFRE, which notwithstanding the warnings we had received of it we did not manage altogether to avoid, I believe because like many other experiences we had to buy the knowledge of what it really was by passing through it. The reader shall have the benefit of what we learned, that in case he may ever follow the same course he may be better prepared than we were. He will observe then, that the great descending tide of mingled salt and fresh is here in the first place thrown off from the main shore by shoals sloping out from it, LES BEOULMENTS, probably the DEBRIS of the mountain side which Charlevoix's earthquake shook into the channel; that it is thus set right upon the ISLE AUX COUDRES, and from the hard shores of this again repelled and driven into an angle in the main, overhung by high and formidable looking precipices. When it reaches the last transit the channel is shoal, being crossed by firm ledges, which cause the current at low water to make several shorts, each with a very perceptible fall. Below this it is deep water, giving scope to the waves that coming sweeping up from

the Labrador coast have thus a free course to the angular turn. When therefore the ebb tide descending with full force is met at this point by the flood, a sort of whirlpool is produced in the rocky recess I have indicated, the more violent probably from the different specific gravities of the opposing waters. But besides this when the incoming flood is accompanied by an East-wind, as was the case when we were there, not only does it bring with it a swell much increasing the whirl of the meeting currents, but causes a short cross sea to dance up among them something like that which breaks over the shoal mouths of rivers emptying into the ocean, though but a miniature in comparison, yet more confused and confounding, and such as a craft like that we navigated was by no means able to cope with. Affairs indeed seemed to wear a disastrous aspect with us, when from misdirection, we found ourselves in a current we could not stem, and carried away by it towards the very thick of the tumult. I was in the bow at the time and shall not readily forget the malicious look our watery foes seemed to wear, as, stirred as it were by some spirit of the deep, for we could not see a cause for the tumult, they rose round us in angry turmoil. Had we taken a single one of them we must have been swamped. Of course we bestirred ourselves, but it is not so easy to keep a Canoe safe in such a place, and to make great headway with her at the same time. At length we perceived, very thankfully, that we should manage to get out without paying a visit to the centre of the GAUFRE. We came out suddenly, a narrow line separating the broken from the calm water, passing which we were in a smooth eddy that took us straight to the island. Right glad we were of its bare rocks on which to stretch our

limbs, as with recovered breath we now safely speculated on the scene of commotion before us.

We passed the night at no great distance from this scene of our danger, I recollect not precisely where. Next morning saw us again coasting along high, rocky, wood-crowned banks, occasionally opening up to give passage to a stream, and to expose valleys with more of rocks and woods, and with a background of peaked craggy Alpine like mountains. We were deliberating where we should have breakfast, when the cry of a loon keeping near one spot and seemingly calling to, and being answered by his companion, attracted our attention. As we neared the place the creature moved off, so as to keep out of reach of our shot, and we in vain looked for his comrade, when, thinking he might perhaps lure the same one back, my companion tried his skill in imitating its note. In so far he was successful that the cry of a loon was very distinctly returned, but then in another direction from where our friend was watching our proceedings at the cautious distance of two or three hundred yards. It was clear he had not spoken and yet we could see no other bird. We tried the loon language again, and again a loon responded, and thus we went on again and again straining throat and eyes in vain, till at last it was apparent to us that we were fooled, as the poor solitary we had just disturbed in his invocations had been, by a very perfect echo. We vented our spleen according to use and wont in calling the deceiver bad names, and were paid in our own coin with interest. Half an hour we spent in thus practising the art of repartee and getting successively worsted, and then went on laughing at the oddness of the adventure. A few hours after this we were struck by the singular appearance of some white capes of castellated like

rocks, rising behind a low belt of wood, and at no great distance from what seemed a large settlement. We got to land and soon had our tent pitched to our satisfaction on the edge of the little belt of young wood we had seen, which here and there opened into little mimic lawns, gay with the short lived summer of the region, and frequented as being a sunny sheltered corner by birds of various notes and plumage, among others by the humming-bird. Before us lay a smooth beach which the water from the Labrador coast, cool and salt as the Atlantic, lashed in long far sounding surges, making a sort of Homeric music all along the shore. Behind us rose cliff and peak built up by the hands of nature into huge masonic masses, as if the fancy had taken her of lining the coast with tower and battlement, and she had stopped half way in her work. Here you entered a Cyclopean chamber, rude but roomy and weather proof; a little farther on, a turret jutted over the steep from which to survey sea and shore; and just by, gushed out a transparent stream of pure sparkling water, bursting from the rock, rejoicing for a moment in the sun beam, and then dashing down, anxious seemingly, as all the sun's beams fall on, to run its course—its petty course of a few yards—through which it hastened to the all absorbing deep. With things so much to our taste we schemed a pleasant sojourn of some days here. Alas for the schemes of man! we were on the eve of an adventure of which we had little dreamt. But this requires a new paragraph.

To begin at the beginning.—Be it known then that certain magnificent projects we had formed of levying large contributions on fish and fowl had been wofully disappointed, neither sea or land having been in this respect propitious to us, though they had sent us appetites to have duly honoured their

bounties. It became evident that we must revictual, and accordingly thinking the present a favourable opportunity, my companion set off in the canoe on a quest of this sort through the settlement. It is but fair to add, that the appearance and dress of both of us was somewhat of the voyageur style, and that his evil genius had led him in his wanderings first to a woman and then to a priest. He had questioned the one pretty closely as to the localities, for the purpose of steering directly to the port of beef and bread, and had been questioned by the other as closely concerning the mystery of two strangers preferring the open air to the curtained chamber, without having succeeded in giving forth a satisfactory solution of it. The conclusion of the whole being like the beginning 'MAIS MONSIEUR IL ME SEMBLE BIEN CURIEUX QUE VOUS VIEZ SOUS LES TENTES'. I suppose we mended not matters by some of our occupations, for, failing to get any living thing to shoot at we took to pistol shooting, and the continual pop pop popping magnified by the rocks and sent over the water was carried further than we had thought of, and set the folks a speculating on what was the matter. The first warning that we had of any thing strange in the wind, was the appearance of some fellows who seemed to be playing the part of scouts, for instead of coming forward to address us with the frankness, or seeming frankness of their race, they kept spying at us from the edge of the bush and shyed off as we came near them. At last one of greater boldness than the rest ventured on us, and in a half crying half bullying style, and in tolerable English, suggested that it were proper that we made apparent to him and his constituents, the cause of our taking possession of a portion of the wild lands of the Province, and disturbing the peaceful repose of wood and waters by the

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wanton discharge of fire arms. To give reasons as satisfactory to him as to ourselves was somewhat difficult; but at length he went off, apparently satisfied with such as we could afford. This occurred I think the second day. The circumstance furnished us matter for evening discussion. My companion felt indignant and threatened the application of a stout cudgel, which he accordingly cut for the purpose. I endeavoured to take the thing *EN PHILOSOPHE* as a not unnatural consequence of our proceedings; and as we chanced by accident, to have letters from gentlemen in Quebec well known over the Province, set about looking them out with the view of presenting them to the first reasonable person we should meet, that we might get rid of any danger of annoyance. It was now time for repose, the fire had been made up for the night, and I was arranging matters for a nap when my friend Mr. M—— requested me to rouse myself and listen, for that there was a party of men on the water whom he suspected of an intention of paying us a visit. Accordingly on sitting up I did hear a noise of boats on the water, but as they seemed to pass on, I conjectured that they were an electioneering party of which we had before seen several and again reclined. Not so Mr. M—— who insisted he heard them touch ground at some distance from us, and that we would see something of them presently. He therefore kept on the alert. He soon again roused me saying he heard voices not far off, and our dog which had been growling for some time breaking now into a bark, I raised myself up and was in a moment aware of a strange scene truly. The little wood was full of armed men, and while rubbing my eyes in doubt as to the truth of their report; I heard foot-steps all round the tent and the crick, crick, crack, of stiff gunlocks going on full cock just as I have heard, enrag-

ed the while, among a company of raw Sportsmen on the Moors, when the dogs lead them into the middle of a close sitting covey.

I was now, wide awake, and saw clearly enough right in front in the open space before the fire and the tent, some half dozen armed men making a wavering advance having as leader a pale faced youth with drawn sword, whose onward progress, for a leader, seemed too much to depend on the crowding and supporting muskets of those behind. In such cases people act before they reflect, under the impulse of the first idea that flashes through the brain. Luckily what first occurred to me was the thought I was going to sleep on, the absurdity of the thing, and the folly of getting into any scrape about it. I therefore put forth my hand on my friend who, his organ of combativeness, I suppose, fully excited, by the view of opponents coming on as if on hostile deeds intent but afraid of suffering instead of doing mischief, was grasping his weapons to make a rush upon them, and succeeded in restraining him. Had I seconded him I have little doubt we should have burst through. There would have been a general discharge of fire arms, a glorious list of casualties, but in all probability had there been any occasion for our acting the parts of PAUL CLIFFORDS we should have got safe into the bush. As it was however, the enemy emboldened by this demonstration of assistance from where they least expected it, cleared the fire and made capture of us in two seconds. I thought that after the first crowding round and exultation at the victory was over, it would be easy to satisfy them that they laboured under some glorious delusion concerning us. But in this I was mistaken. They would neither listen to what we said, nor look at the papers we offered. They must have us off bag and baggage, bringing

up two CHALAUPEs which they had with them for the purpose; we could now see they numbered thirty-two, all round. They gave us at least a tolerable bed, in a house a mile or two distant from the scene, nor could we complain of want of attendants, a dozen at least remaining in the apartment and keeping regular watch round our bed, four at a time. We slept sound notwithstanding; somewhat annoyed, but more amused by the occurrence.

The morning sun, with the help of soap and water, razors, clean linen &c. brought a change of sentiment, and we heard one observing to another, for as we had not spoken French they did not believe we understood it, that after all we did not look to be very bad sort of people, and that Mr. — must have made a mistake. They now one by one began to disappear, until only only two or three were left, and these I believe would not have made much objection to our following the general example, a thing we threatened. At length however a Calash appeared, and a guard of honour along with it of six fresh men, each with his musket. Into this vehicle we got to wait on Mr. — the Magistrate. With him it was a short process; he pleaded having been led by the Captain of Militia, and he that he had followed the Priest, and so with apologies and full credentials on the one side, and threats on the other we parted.

We did not abandon our ground, partly out of a spirit of obstinacy, and a single day brought a change of scene. In the house we slept at on our voyage down, there was a child whom they thought on the point of death, and for whom they were making preparations accordingly. I had given it some medicine, and judging from the effect of it had told them that if they administered rightly what I left, it would recover. It made good my prophesy; the cure was

reported a miracle, and as travel is all by water there, the news spread far. Being no longer a freebooter, I was now a great, a mighty Doctor, and from the glens and mountains round, the sick and afflicted came to visit me, or sent to bring me by prayers, promises, and a Canadian Poney and Calash to visit them. I was now fully informed by some of the actors in it, with whom I laughed over the recollections, of the causes of our capture. Some robberies and I believe a murder, had shortly previous been committed near to Quebec. No where can it be better said of Fame, *VIVES ACQUIRIT BUNDO* than where we were; so, just then every one was possessed with a dread of having his house broken into and his throat cut. At this critical moment we arrived. The woman Mr. M—— had seen was sure he was a robber, prying out the abodes of the richest habitants. She ran off to the Priest with the news, and he on cross-questioning my friend confirmed her suspicions. Then as I was by nearly the head taller than the most of them, and happened to be seen by them in a large cloak, that concealed my other dimensions, their imaginations transformed me into a GOHAT able to vanquish any half dozen. A ferment began, the Priest at the head of it, and the result was that the ELITE of the settlement were sent out to capture us, and that until the issue was known every other man kept watch and ward over his own domicile.

This adventure has detained us too long. I cannot conclude it without observing, that though in many other parts of North America, individuals holding so obstinately by wood and wold as we did might have been taken for evil doers, there is no part of it but Lower Canada, where they could have occasioned so strange a panic. I assure the Reader

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I have not in the least exaggerated the circumstances, but have on the contrary suppressed several that would heighten the picture.

We now began our return voyage which was not barren of adventure, but for this there is not farther space or time; we arrived in Quebec in safety, but determined to bound our ambition in future to fresh water navigation.

TO MY WATCH.

BY ———.

Thou little piece of complex machinery,
 With thy nicely polished integuments,
 Notched circles, spiral springs, and moving index;
 Like thy maker, with earth thy origin,
 Skill hath wrought thee to be a MONITOR.
 Thou darest unblushingly to face me,
 And say "thy time on earth grows shorter."
 I know thee—thou hast nor life, nor reason,
 And the gradations of thy short periods,
 Distinctly point that each succeeding tick,
 But numbers one the less that closes life.
 Unconnected with other Monitors,
 Thou wouldst be a fallacious, tattling toy:

But are there not forthcoming days and nights,
 And the revolving seasons of the year,
 The growth, zenith, and decay of nature—
 Truths that fail not, "strong as Holy writ,"
 Bear witness that thy warnings are but just.

This terrifies!

Age, sickness, and a feverish dread of change,
 Strike thrilling horror to the timid mind.

But others, who regard thy steady course,
 With pleasure see their journey onward go;
 With brilliant faith, rejoice at moving time;
 Assur'd, that when their tenements shall drop,
 They'll find the bless'd abode of happy souls.

Go then, thou semi-silent monitor—

Though thou hast neither ears, nor eyes, nor
 tongue—

Still teaching man this solemn truth, **TIME FLIES.**

TO M Y N E P H E W.

BY THE EDITOR.

Happy child! may thy feelings be,—
 As laughing, boisterous, and free,
 When ripened by the lapse of time,
 The form of vice, the soul of crime,
 Friendship a mockery, Love a rhyme,
 Are witnessed, lovely boy! by thee.

I mark the dimpled smile, the eye,
 From sufferings scalding moisture dry;
 And think, when I was such as thee,
 How gladsome life appeared to me,
 A sunny hour, a summer sky,
 All bright, and all felicity.
 Alas! I little dream'd that e'er,
 My heart would quail to pain or fear;
 But I have felt the tempter's wile,
 The scoffer's curse, the false one's smile,
 The faithless friend's alluring guile,
 And mine own heart, a desert drear.
 Ah! these may mark thy path of years,
 And call down sorrow's bitter tears;
 But smile thee on, my boy! while yet,
 Thy brow's unwrinkled by regret,
 And recollection has not set,
 Thy heart to dwell on maddening cares.

TO THE PICTURE OF A DEAD GIRL, ON
 FIRST SEEING IT.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

THE same—and oh! how beautiful!—the same
 As memory meets thee through the mist of years!—
 Love's roses on thy cheek, and feeling's flame

Lighting an eye unchanged in all—but tears!
 Upon thy severed lips the very smile
 Remembered well, the sunlight of my youth;
 But gone the shadow that would steal the while,
 To mar its brightness, and to mock its truth!—
 Once more I see thee, as I saw thee last,
 The lost restored,—the vision of the past!

How like to what thou wert—and art not now!
 Yet oh, how more resembling what thou art;
 There dwells no cloud upon that pictured brow,
 As sorrow sits no longer in thy heart:
 Gone where its very wishes are at rest,
 And all its throbbings hushed, and achings healed;—
 I gaze, till half I deem thee to my breast,
 In thine immortal loveliness, revealed;
 And see thee, as in some permitted dream,
 There where thou ART what here thou dost but SEEM!

I loved thee passing well;—thou wert a beam
 Of pleasant beauty on this stormy sea,
 With just so much of mirth as might redeem
 Man from the musings of his misery;
 Yet ever pensive,—like a thing from home!
 Lovely and lonely as a single star!
 But kind and true to me, as thou hadst come
 From thine own element—so very far,
 Only to be a cynosure to eyes
 Now sickening at the sunshine of the skies!

It were a crime to weep!—'tis none to kneel,
As now I kneel, before this type of thee,
And worship her, who taught my soul to feel
Such worship is no vain idolatry:—

Thou wert my spirit's spirit—and thou ART,
Though this be all of thee time hath not rest,
Save the old thoughts that hang about the heart,
Like withered leaves that many storms have left:
I turn from living looks—the cold, the dull,
To any trace of thee—the lost, the beautiful!

Broken, and bowed, and wasted with regret,
I gaze and weep—why no I weep alone!
I would not—would not if I could—forget,
But I am ALL remembrance—if hath grown
My very being!—Will she never speak?
The lips are parted, and the braided hair
Seemed as it waved upon her brightening cheek,
And smile, and every thing—but breath—are there!
Oh, for the voice that I have stayed to hear,
Only in dreams,—so many a lonely year!

It will not be!—away, bright cheat, away!
Cold, far too cold to love!—thy look grows strange;
I want the thousand thoughts that used to play,
Like lights and shadowings, in chequered change:
That smile!—I know thou art not like her now,—
Within her land—where'er it be—of light,
She smiles not while a cloud is on my brow:—

When will it pass away—this heavy night!
 Oh! will the cool, clear morning never come,
 And light me to her, in her spirit's home!

THE SISTERS OF GLENMORE.

BY MRS. NOEL.

The most brilliant star of attraction in the London hemisphere of fashion, during the winter of 18—was Lady Edith Montrose. Her DEBUT in the drawing room at St. James's, had been attended with unusual ECLAT. Young, singularly beautiful and accomplished, Lady Edith was well calculated to become the object of general admiration among the fashionable circles in which she moved; and she was universally considered the grand meteor of the season—LA PLUS BELLE PANNI LES BELLES.

Among the most devoted of her admirers, was Captain St. Clair, a young officer in the —— regiment of Scotch Greys. The first time he had seen her, was at a concert at Almack's. It was late when she arrived, and the rooms were crowded with the ELITE of the fashionable world. Her entrance produced a general sensation; her name was whispered from circle to circle, and she immediately became the centre of attraction. St. Clair gazed at her in silent wonder and admiration. Can she be "a thing of earth and perishable elements?" he said mentally, for never had he seen a creature so beautiful. Sweet forms of loveliness had often in the romantic dreams of youth captivated his imagination; but even the most

splendid of these visions of fancy, was surpassed by Lady Edith.

Having fortunately obtained an introduction, St. Clair devoted himself exclusively to her, and had the happiness to engage a considerable portion of her attention. The elegance of his form, and the interesting expression of his handsome countenance, added to the fervent admiration with which he regarded her, contributed to make him an object of interest to Lady Edith. She listened to his animated conversation with evident pleasure, and when he was leading her to her carriage (for she allowed him that envied honor) he received the anxiously requested permission to call on her the next day, in Berkeley Square.

The gold hand of an ivory time-piece pointed to the hour of three the next day, when a crowd of nobility and fashion, began to pour EN MASSE into the splendid drawing-room of Lady Edith Montrose, her Ladyship having given orders to be 'at home'. It was a superbly furnished apartment; the festooned window curtains, and the covers of the ottomans and chairs, were pale pink satin; and at each end of the room were vases, filled with exotics, which rendered the air redolent with fragrance; gay groups were dispersed through the apartment, conversing on indifferent topics. In one place was a party of young ladies talking of sentiment and feeling. In another corner a brilliant circle of fashionable BEAUX ESPRITS, POETS, and SAVANTES, discussed the merits of the last new novel. Here might be seen a group of politicians settling national affairs, whilst there, knots of exquisites of the first water arranged the fashions, and decided the merits of Stultz coats, and Cumberland corsets.

But the largest circle, was that which was collected round Lady Edith Montröse, attracted by her

beauty, elegant wit, and graceful gaiety, for her Ladyship was more than usually fascinating.

“She was a form of life and light,
That seen, becomes a part of sight;
And rose, where'er you turned your eye,
The morning star of memory.”

The subject of their conversation was a fancy ball, which was to be given in a few days by the Duchess of A——.

“What character does Lady Edith Montrose intend to assume?” asked Captain St. Clair, who was fondly leaning on the back of the ottoman, on which she was reclining.

“I have not yet determined!” she replied; “I am undecided whether I shall represent an Arcadian Shepherdess, or Mary, Queen of Scots.”

“The character of Mary Stuart, would answer your Ladyship admirably;” observed St. Clair.

“Then I shall assume regal pomp, and be a Queen for one night;” said Lady Edith, gaily smiling.

“And who would grace a Throne so well? on what brow more beautiful, could a diadem be placed?” said St. Clair, passionately.

“What character will you represent?” enquired Lady Edith.

“The character of George Douglas! the humblest, yet the most devoted of Mary Stuart’s admirers;” he replied, in low, respectful accents.

Lady Edith coloured, but it was the soft flush of pleasure which overspread her features, as she turned away in beautiful confusion.

At the Duchess of A——’s fancy ball, St. Clair again met Lady Edith. As usual her Ladyship was the cynosure of the evening, but among her numerous satellites Captain St. Clair particularly engaged

her attention. It was feared he would carry off the prize so much contended for in the fashionable world, and the increasing attentions which he was permitted to pay Lady Edith in public, served to confirm this opinion. But at length a circumstance occurred which disappointed the expectations of the BEAU MONDE.

A paragraph appeared in a London paper, announcing that the Earl of Berrington had led to the hymeneal altar the brilliant star of fashion, Lady Edith Montrose. The ceremony had been privately performed at Montrose House, and immediately afterwards the Earl and his beautiful Bride left London for Italy. The paragraph also hinted that Lady Edith's consent had not been obtained, and that she would have preferred giving her hand to a certain very elegant officer, but as his fortune was very moderate, Lord Montrose had formed another alliance for his daughter.

Where now was St. Clair? Awakened from the illusive day dream which had thrown its "rainbow spell" around him, he retired for a short time to a remote part of Wales, where in solitude and without restraint he indulged the violence of his grief. Lady Edith he had devotedly loved—she was his idol! Alas! how wrong, how dangerous, to give the heart's best affections to any thing on earth! He, who alone is worthy of so much devotedness, has commanded his creatures to love him supremely, and was it ever well when it was otherwise? St. Clair's hope of happiness was placed in Lady Edith, and now that she was lost to him for ever, existence seemed "a waste of wearisome hours." From this period his character underwent a striking alteration; he was never again, what he had once been; the gay, happy being with life's bitterness untried, who seem-

ed as if this world had no trials for him: for the future, melancholy seemed to mark him for her own.

More than a year passed away, at the end of which the Earl and Countess of Berrington returned to England. Her health had been for some time declining, and she was advised to try the air of her native country for its recovery. To Berrington Castle, which was situated near Cheltenham, she came to reside, but it was soon evident that her days on earth were numbered. Consumption, occasioned by that "sorrow of the world which worketh death" was hastening her to the tomb: the period of her dissolution at length arrived; her spirit forsook its earthly tenement; and she had done with this world and its sorrows for ever.

St. Clair was at Cheltenham at the time of Lady Berrington's death; he had not seen her since her marriage, and as he was most anxious to behold her once more, he formed the strange design of gaining a secret admittance to Berrington Castle, which he effected through the assistance of a favourite attendant of Lady Berrington's. Eleven o'clock at night was the time appointed for his visit. A private entrance communicating with the suite of apartments belonging to the Countess admitted him to the Castle. The chamber to which he was conducted was hung with black, and lighted with large wax tapers. On a bed in the middle of the room was laid the inanimate form of the youthful victim. With trembling steps St. Clair advanced towards it, but as his eye rested on the altered features, he uttered a groan of bitter agony. And was that senseless form the brilliant, the beautiful Lady Edith Montrose. Alas! how changed was she now! There she lay, like any other child of earth beneath the feet of the pale horse and his rider; neither youth, beauty, rank, nor

splendour, could avert the inevitable doom; or save her from that fate which cometh alike to all! It was not two years since they last met, yet St. Clair could scarcely recognize in the attenuated form before him, that bright creature whom he had once almost considered as a being of another world. The wasted cheek—the sunken eye, once so soft so dazzling—but particularly, the deep expression of melancholy, which marked the cold, pale brow—all loudly told that sorrow and disease had been busy there. How awful is death! awful to all, but how much more so to him whose thoughts of it are few! The mind of St. Clair was now for the first time led to dwell on the solemn realities of another world, and as he could not contemplate them with that hope full of immortality which the Christian alone possesses, they seemed awful to him. For more than an hour he was permitted to indulge his sorrow and solemn reflections uninterrupted, but at the end of that time he was obliged to depart. It was some minutes before he could relinquish the melancholy pleasure of being near her, even in death; and as he left the room, after giving the last look at her who had been the polar star of his existence, he felt that all his earthly happiness had fled.

And it was well for St. Clair that he had experienced that sorrow is the portion of every human being. Religion is the asylum of those who mourn, and in it he was happily induced to seek for consolation. His mind was gradually weaned from the contemplation of earthly sorrows, and he was enabled to lift an eye of faith to a fairer world on high. His early disappointment did in time accomplish the purpose for which it was in mercy sent, and he became a Christian, not in profession only but in principle.

A period of several years must now elapse before

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I again introduce St. Clair to the reader's acquaintance. Time as it fled had brought its changes, and he was now the happy, though widowed father of two beautiful daughters. No feeling of our nature is lasting—we should be incapable of enjoying happiness were it otherwise. After a long interval, the image of Lady Edith ceased to be so fondly cherished by St. Clair, and he became insensibly attached to a young lady of much personal loveliness, and very amiable disposition. They were married, and as his wife had brought him a splendid fortune he sold his commission, having previously been advanced to the rank of Colonel, and retired to a beautiful estate which he purchased, situated on the romantic shores of a small lake, in the west of Scotland. Here he enjoyed a large portion of happiness for some years, but sorrow again visited him. His wife after a lingering illness died, but he was not left without consolation; his daughters, those cherished objects of his affection, were spared to him. Gertrude the eldest girl was now in her nineteenth year, and Ellen was two years younger. Both were eminently beautiful. Ellen was a fascinating young creature.

The fairest, brightest child of earth
 One of those spirits, which the wing of joy,
 Brush'd with its lightest feather.

With an elasticity of motion, and a singular lightness of shape that gave her the appearance of a sylph, all was shaped into grace. Though taller than her sister, Gertrude's form was equally light and graceful, but there was a native dignity in her every movement. Her style of beauty differed from that of Ellen, it was of a more striking nature. Dark eyes of changing light, shadowed by long silken lashes, which gave a pensive seriousness to her countenance, while

her mind illumined features expressed an uncommon and imaginative character.

The death of their mother was severely felt by both sisters. Ellen's grief was loud and passionate, that of Gertrude gentler, deeper. This severe affliction made a strong impression on her naturally reflective mind, and served to confirm those strong and pure principles of religion, which she had been early taught.

It was nearly a year after the death of Mrs. St. Clair, when the solitude of Glenmore was for a short time enlivened, by the arrival of Lady Georgiana Macalbin, the only daughter of the Earl of Glendonald, Colonel St. Clair's eldest brother. Her Ladyship had been lately married to a gentleman of large fortune, and was now on her way to Castle Macalbin, which was situated near Loch Lomond. Her visit at Glenmore was not long, but during her residence there, she became so much attached to Gertrude that she requested her to spend some time with her, and the invitation was accepted. Ellen was not at Glenmore during Lady Georgiana's visit. Since her mother's death she had been residing in Edinburgh in order to finish her education.

As there were many families of distinction residing in the neighbourhood of Loch Lomond, Castle Macalbin was a continual scene of gaiety, and Lady Georgiana was always engaged in a routine of ever-varying amusements. To Gertrude, who had lived in retirement, so gay a life was new; but though it had the gloss of novelty it did not possess many fascinations for her. Her pleasures were of a purer nature; she felt the emptiness of such amusements, and how incapable they are of satisfying the desires of an immortal spirit.

One morning as Lady Georgiana and Gertrude were returning to Castle Macalbin, after having paid

a visit to a family at some distance, they were overtaken by a thunder storm which suddenly burst forth with awful fury. Affrighted at the storm, Lady Georgiana's horses took flight, and having no one to restrain them, for the coachman had been thrown from his seat, they proceeded onwards with terrifying velocity. Lady Georgiana had been very much alarmed at the violence of the storm, but her fears now overpowered her and she sank insensible into the arms of her cousin. Gertrude too felt the danger of their situation, but she trusted in the merciful providence of God, and committing herself and Lady Georgiana to his care, she was calm amid surrounding terrors. For nearly ten minutes the horses continued to proceed at the same furious rate; at length Gertrude felt the coach suddenly stop; the sound of voices was then heard, and in a few minutes a gentleman opened the carriage door. It was he who had at the imminent danger of his own life, seized the reins of the terrified animals, and assisted by some men from a cottage on the road side, had succeeded in taking them from the carriage. Raising the inanimate form of Lady Georgiana from the supporting arms of Gertrude the stranger carried her to a cottage. Remedies for restoring animation were then tried, and in a little time her Ladyship recovered. The stranger was known to Lady Georgiana; he was the honorable Julian Graham, a Scotch gentleman of noble family and large fortune. Both ladies expressed their gratitude for the service he had rendered them, and Lady Georgiana gave him a flattering invitation to Castle Macalbin, which he accepted with evident pleasure. The storm was now over, and Lady Georgiana ventured to return home.

From this period Mr. Graham became a constant

visitor at the Castle, but it was soon evident that Gertrude St. Clair was his magnet of attraction; her extreme beauty had at first excited his attention, but it was the high-mindedness of her character, and her amiable disposition which gained his affection. He loved her devotedly, and to his exquisite happiness, Gertrude became tenderly attached to him. His was a character similar to her own; their tastes, their sentiments, appeared in unison. As there could be no objection to his alliance, the offer of his hand to Miss St. Clair was accepted, and preparations were making for their marriage when an unexpected circumstance prevented their proceeding. Julian Graham was an INFIDEL; one however who carefully concealed his principles, but Gertrude accidentally made the fatal discovery. Who can describe her feelings at the dreadful moment! in an agony of mind too great to be concealed, she left the apartment where she had been conversing with Graham, and returned to her own room, there to indulge in uncontrolled sorrow. Every bright hope of happiness had fled; like all meteors of earth born felicity, they had glittered for a moment, then sunk in "eternal eclipse." The day dream of her existence was dispelled—Graham and she must part and for ever. Religion, a deep sense of the duty she owed to God, and of the imminent danger her own religious principles might incur were she to become his wife—all demanded the sacrifice. It was impossible she could ever unite her fate with his; she felt indeed that all was over, but it was long before she could pronounce their final separation. How frequently did she kneel at the throne of the Eternal, supplicating submission to this severe trial, and strength to enable her to do that, which in the weakness of her human nature she found almost impossible. And her prayer of faith was heard. He

who can feel for the infirmities of his creatures was her support and consolation in this dark hour of trial, and she was enabled to resign him who was dearest to her in this world, rather than risk "that hope, full of immortality." Almost distracted at his disappointment, Julian left Scotland, and sought in other climes and other scenes some alleviation of his misery, whilst Gertrude mourned in solitude her blighted hopes. But she did not give way to unrestrained grief, for she knew that cheerful submission to every affliction is required; still there were moments when the anguish of her feelings overcame her, and but too well expressed how great was the sacrifice which she had made. But her bitterest feeling was that Graham was an infidel, "living without hope and without God in the world." How could she bear the idea that they should never meet in a happier world—that they were indeed parted for ever. Frequent were her prayers for him at the Throne of Mercy and shall not the intercessions of the righteous be answered?

Some months passed away unmarked by any occurrence. Ellen had returned to Glenmore, and endeavoured by every means in her power to cheer her beloved sister and render her less unhappy. As there were few families in their immediate neighborhood with whom Colonel St. Clair and his daughters associated they lived in comparative seclusion. To Ellen whose disposition was very gay, this was a cause of much regret; she was very much delighted therefore when the arrival of a party of fashionables from England on a visit to Lady Macpherson, (at whose house they were very intimate) induced her to send cards of invitation for a ball to every family of distinction in that part of the country. In order to gratify her sister Gertrude determined to go. The ball-night so anxiously wished for by Ellen at length arrived; it

was after eight o'clock, and she was still engaged at her toilet, when Gertrude, elegantly attired, entered her dressing-room.

"It is late Ellen! are you not yet dressed?" she said advancing towards her.

"I will be ready in a few minutes Gertrude! but do assist me to arrange those ringlets in the same beautiful style you have done yours. How did you contrive to complete your toilet in so short a time?"

"Simply because I had no particular object in dressing for the ball, and was therefore not too anxious to look well."

A servant now came to say the carriage was at the door, and as Ellen was at length dressed they proceeded to the drawing-room, where Colonel St. Clair was waiting for them.

"How delightful a life of fashionable gaiety must be, when one ball can be a source of so much pleasure!" remarked Ellen.

"It is the charm of novelty which makes it appear so fascinating" replied her sister: "were it not for that it would not afford you so much enjoyment."

"But this ball will be very delightful! there will be a crowded assembly, there are so many strangers at the Abbey, and all the officers from —— will attend it! Dear Gertrude are you not delighted?"

"I am happy since you feel so" she replied.

"Does she not look beautiful?" said Gertrude, playfully leading Ellen towards Colonel St. Clair as they entered the drawing-room.

"From the length of time she has occupied in dressing, she ought to look irresistible," he said smiling "my patience is completely exhausted. But she does look very well to night" he continued, viewing her with parental triumph. "And my Gertrude is also more than usually charming" he added turning affect-

tionately towards her. "But it is time for us to go; we will have to make our entrance before a crowded room, I am afraid."

The Abbey, the residence of Lady Macpherson was at the distance of four miles from Glenmore. Half an hour therefore elapsed before they arrived there; several carriages crowded the door, and it was some minutes before Colonel St. Clair's chariot was permitted to approach. As they entered the hall which was brilliantly lighted, a beautiful Scotch reel was played in fine style by a military band. Ellen could scarcely forbear stepping to the exhilarating music.

"How delightful!" she exclaimed, as with a light step and sun-gilded thoughts, she ascended the stairs.

The ball was well attended; parties had come from every direction, and the gay uniforms of the military gave a striking effect to the scene. As the graceful and distinguished figures of the Misses St. Clair entered the ball-room, every eye was directed towards them, and Lady Macpherson received them with marked attention.

Among the strangers who requested an introduction to the sisters of Glenmore from her Ladyship, was Lord Mountvilliers a young English Nobleman, one of the visitors at the Abbey. He had been particularly struck with their appearance, and thought he had never seen creatures

So exquisitely shaped--so fair--so matchless.

Both he considered equally beautiful, but Gertrude he admired most: there was something uncommon in the nature of her attractions—an expression of subdued sorrow in her fine countenance, that was deeply

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interesting. During the evening his attentions to her were very marked; and like a satellite moving in the brightness of its particular orb, he seemed unable to leave the sphere of her attractions.

Music was to begin the amusements of the evening and Miss St. Clair was the first lady requested to sing; she complied, and seated herself at a harp with blushing dignity. Her voice was exquisite, and there was now an expression of melancholy in its fine tones that rendered it peculiarly fascinating. The song which she had been asked to sing was a favorite ballad of Julian Graham's. It recalled scenes of past happiness, such as she could never feel again, for all then was hope. Glittering were the thoughts she cherished.

"Soft visions
Threw their spells around her, charm'd her dreams,
With glowing hopes, and golden gleams,
But now how changed was the scene!
Sorrow's nightbird had shrieked rapture's knell,
And hope's day break would brighten no more."

Whilst she sung, the company listened in silent attention, and when the song was finished, they loudly expressed their admiration. But their compliments afforded Gertrude little pleasure.—She received them with apathy; her thoughts were far from the present scene, they were with Graham: but at length recollecting that this was not a time to indulge in mournful retrospection, she commanded her feelings sufficiently to assume a necessary cheerfulness. After the company had amused themselves for some time in the music-room, a proposal was made that dancing should begin. The ball-room was very large, fancifully decorated, and divided for two sets of dancers, by a blue silk cord. Lord

Mountvilliers requested the honour of dancing with Miss St. Clair. She did not feel much inclined, but unwilling to appear singular, she complied. Ellen was among the set which Gertrude and Lord Mountvilliers joined on entering the ball room. Her partner was a very handsome, and elegant looking young man, Sir Frederic Mowbray, who resided on a beautiful estate a few miles distant from Glenmore, but had been living on the Continent for the last six years. There was such an expression of happiness and innocent gaiety in her countenance, while the unusual excitement of her spirits gave a deeper shade to the transparent colour on her cheeks, and a dazzling brilliancy to her soft hazel eyes. After a few sets, Gertrude complained of fatigue, and expressed her intention of not dancing again; then desiring to leave the ball room which was crowded to excess, Lord Mountvilliers pioneered the way for her, and they proceeded into an adjoining apartment, where tables were placed for those who wished to amuse themselves with cards. His Lordship was delighted at the opportunity now afforded him of enjoying so much of Gertrude's conversation, and he exerted all the powers of his brilliant mind to engage her attention.

Lord Mountvilliers was the only son of the Earl of Berrington and Lady Edith Montrose; he was strikingly handsome and bore a strong resemblance to his mother; his manners were highly polished and insinuating, but still Gertrude did not like him.

There was a something in his even smile,
That ought to speak of peace, not guile.
And, yet she knew not why!
There was a something in his keen dark eye
That chilled her.

Among other topics of conversation, Lord Mountvilliers spoke of the beauty of the Spanish and Italian ladies, but said he admired the English style of beauty more. "However," he added, "one of the finest women I have ever seen was a Spaniard, Donna Marcella Luisa, daughter of the Marchesa de Roncevalles. I frequently visited her during my residence in Madrid; she had many admirers, but the most devoted was the Honourable Julian Graham." Gertrude did not start; her pride and self-command enabled her to suppress all appearance of emotion. She calmly met the penetrating gaze of his Lordship, as she remarked, that from the description she had heard of the Spanish Ladies, she thought they must be very beautiful. Fortunately for Gertrude, Ellen and Sir Frederic Mowbray now joined them, and their conversation was interrupted.

For the remainder of the night, Gertrude supported a cheerfulness she did not feel, and exerted herself to conceal the bitterness of reflection, which the information relative to Graham had occasioned. It was not until she had returned to Glenmore and retired to her own apartment, that she indulged her long suppressed sorrow. That Julian had forgotten her, that she was no longer loved, was indeed an idea most painful and humiliating. She felt as if this trial were even more severe than their separation. In all her misery, her heart had clung for consolation to the thought, that his affection for her was unchanged. It was several hours before she could compose her feelings, but she did at length succeed, and proudly determined to think of him no more. But this was more difficult than she at first imagined, for he was ever present to her imagination: still she tried to conquer this weakness, and prayed earnestly that

she might be enabled to turn her thoughts and affections to other objects.

Since the evening of the ball, Lord Mountvilliers and Sir Frederic Mowbray were constant visitors at Glenmore. The attentions of his Lordship to Miss St. Clair were particular, but she received them with invincible indifference. Sir Frederic was evidently becoming attached to Ellen, and after some time having the happiness to engage her affection, he made her an offer of his hand and was accepted. Immediately after her marriage, Ellen, fearing that the continual struggle of Gertrude's feelings between pride and regret would injure her health, determined on taking her to Italy, hoping that change of scene would gradually banish the recollection of her disappointment. Neither Colonel St. Clair nor Gertrude made any objection to this proposal, and Ellen hastened the preparations for their departure. The route they intended to pursue was to France from Dover, and then proceed to Italy. On landing at Calais they hastened to Paris, but did not remain long there as Lady Mowbray and her sister were impatient to reach Italy. It was now the beginning of Summer, and as the weather was beautiful, they were enabled to see the country through which they passed to great advantage. From Paris they directed their route to Geneva, thence to Chamberry, and at length reached the foot of the Alps. As they ascended the mountains, the scenery opened into increasing wildness and sublime beauty. On every side the Alps rose, a majestic amphitheatre. Some of them were covered with impenetrable forests, where the pine with its dark green leaves, the rich coloured chestnut, the oak, and the majestic poplar, were seen commingling their foliage with the dark waving cypress, the silver-tinted ash, the yellow

blossoms of the myrtle, and the pale flowers of the arbutus. In the distance, other chains of stupendous mountains were seen rising in varied forms; some touched with ethereal blue, others darkened by the hovering clouds, and several covered with purest snow, which sparkled in the sunbeams. Gertrude and Ellen who had never before beheld scenes of such sublimity and picturesque beauty, gazed upon them with mingled sensations of delight and awe. It was here that nature was reigning in wildest magnificence; and as Gertrude viewed the wonders around her, she would with a deep feeling of humility exclaim, "Lord ! what is man that thou art mindful of him!" The travellers proceeded slowly, and sometimes stopped to rest their tired animals: then Gertrude would amuse herself by sketching the most striking views around her, while Ellen was employed in gathering among the rocks, the dark auricula of the Alps, the blue-belled campanella, and other beautiful flowers. As evening approached, the features of the scenery assumed new forms of beauty. The Sun as he majestically descended, rested his brilliant disk on the lofty brow of one of the western range of mountains, and gave a gorgeous colouring to the scene. Gradually, surrounding objects became less distinctly visible, until the dark outline of the surrounding mountains marked out on the horizon, was all that could be seen. As Lady Mowbray was unwilling to travel by night, and as the Inn where they intended to stop was yet some miles distant, she now asked the guide whether there was not some house at hand in which they might sojourn during the night. "There is the Convent of Santa Virgine, Signora ! " he replied. "Conduct us thither by the shortest way," she said, and the party proceeded in the direction of the Convent. The moon was "climbing the blue

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depths of the starry Heavens," when the travellers entered the secluded valley in which Santa Virgine is situated. Their request to be allowed to pass the night at the Convent was immediately granted, and the nuns with their Superior received the party with much kindness. Being informed that one of the novices was to go through the ceremony of taking the veil the next day, Lady Mowbray and Gertrude determined on remaining to witness it. At an early hour the following morning the convent bell began to toll, and the sound was wafted on the breeze in slow and solemn chimings. At twelve o'clock the ceremony was to begin, and a little before that hour, Sir Frederic with his lady and Miss St. Clair proceeded to the chapel. The ceremony commenced by a procession of the nuns and novices of Santa Virgine, preceded by the Abbot and some of the monks of a Dominican Monastery, entering the chapel. Beside the Abbess walked the novice who was to take the veil; she was a lovely, graceful girl, and looked calm and resigned, although her face was of exceeding paleness. She appeared to be engaged in mental devotion, and her eyes were earnestly fixed on a small, beautifully ornamented crucifix, which she carried. On reaching the altar the procession stopped; the nuns and novices arranging themselves on each side of their Superior, knelt outside the rails that surrounded it, while the Abbot and the Monks ascending its steps, proceeded to celebrate some of the ceremonies of their religion. When these were concluded, the Abbot, declaring to the assembled people, that it was the intention of Adolphine de Clairville to dedicate herself to the service of Heaven, called on her to advance. She obeyed. Every eye was fixed upon the interesting novice, as, separating herself from the nuns, she approached the foot of the altar. In a low but

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firm voice, she pronounced those vows from which death alone could absolve her ; she then knelt, and the Abbot throwing the veil over her, she became a nun of Santa Virgine. A murmur of pity resounded throughout the chapel ; the youth and beauty of Adolphine had excited the interest and compassion of the spectators, but it was instantly drowned by the loud tones of the organ, which suddenly pealed forth a hymn of praise to the Virgin. The ceremony was now concluded and the people left the chapel.

After crossing the Alps, our travellers remained for a few days at Turin, in order to visit the royal palace and the gardens. The beautiful collection of pictures in the palace, some of them the works of the most celebrated painters, principally attracted the admiration of Gertrude. One evening, Lady Mowbray proposed taking a walk on the ramparts ; the crimson brightness of the setting sun threw a rich lustre over the variegated landscape which stretched beyond the city, and within its walls ;

“Temple, and pinnacle, and spire,
Shone out, as if enwrapt in fire ;
Turret, and tower, and marble pile,
Were gilded with the sun’s proud smile.”

The beautiful prospect which the ramparts commanded of the Alps, the majestic Po, and the luxuriant country adorned by the villas of the Piedmontese nobility, delighted Lady Mowbray and her sister, and induced them to prolong their walk to a late hour. They were leaving the ramparts when a gentleman approaching them, attracted the attention of Sir Frederic. “It is Lord Mountvilliers !” he exclaimed as he advanced to meet him ; Lady Mowbray’s reception of him was also flattering, but his appearance was a source of secret chagrin to Ger-

trude. The marked attentions which he paid her were disagreeable to her, but her sister and Colonel St. Clair evidently desired his alliance, and she foresaw that if his Lordship made her an offer of his hand, they would urge her acceptance of it.

"How long have you been in Turin?" asked Sir Frederic, addressing Lord Mountvilliers.

"Not more than an hour!" he replied, "one of your servants whom I accidentally met at the inn, informed me you were in the city, and directed me to the ramparts."

"And to what cause are we to attribute the pleasure of seeing you?" inquired Lady Mowbray.

"Finding existence insupportable in England, I have come to seek beneath the sunny skies of Italy, that happiness which no other country could at present afford."

"Italy must then have peculiar attractions!" said Ellen, with a playfully brilliant smile.

"What parts of Italy do you intend to visit?" she continued.

"My route de voyage shall be regulated by your own, if your Ladyship do not object," replied Lord Mountvilliers.

"You will join our party then," said Sir Frederic; "such an addition would afford us pleasure."

This was an invitation which his Lordship had anxiously desired.

"How did you like your journey over the Alps, Miss St. Clair?" asked Lord Mountvilliers now addressing Gertrude.

"Very much; Lady Mowbray and I were so delighted with mountain scenery, that we intend crossing the Appennines."

"You will visit Rome I suppose?"

"Yes! I am very anxious to spend some time

there ; the scenery about Tivoli and Lake Albiano is so beautiful."

"I would prefer proceeding to Venice," said Ellen. "I have read such animated descriptions of its gondolas gliding along the moon-illuminated Adriatic ; its Rialto, marble pallazos and arcades. It must have a strangely beautiful appearance, rising, as if from the sea, with all its magnificent buildings."

"It certainly does resemble a scene of enchantment," observed Lord Mountvilliers.

The lateness of the hour now obliged them to return to their hotel. The next day they left Turin, and continued their journey with little interruption, until they reached Florence, where attracted by the beauty of its situation, they determined on spending some time. The arrival of Lady Mowbray and Miss St. Clair created considerable interest in the Florentine world of fashion. People of the first distinction visited them and sent them cards of invitation. Gertrude did not often appear in public ; the melancholy of her mind prevented her enjoying scenes of amusement, but one evening in order to gratify her sister, she consented to accompany her to a concert. It was at the house of a Florentine Nobleman and was fashionably attended. The singing and music were exquisite, and Gertrude's whole attention was directed to the performance, unmindful of the admiration she herself excited. At length the music ceased for a short time ; Gertrude then amused herself by surveying the brilliant crowds around her, and Lady Mowbray who had been engaged in conversation with a gay circle, now joined her.

"Do you know that gentleman, who is standing near a window, at a little distance from us, Gertrude?" she asked in a low voice. "He appears to admire you particularly, for during the last half hour, he has

been looking at you attentively. His appearance is very elegant, and the expression of his fine countenance, is noble and interesting." A sudden alteration in her sister's colour alarmed Ellen. "Perhaps, the stranger is Julian Graham," she said mentally. Gertrude understood her inquiring look.

"It is he!" she replied in an agitated voice.

This unexpected appearance of Graham, occasioned Gertrude the deepest emotion, but with a feeling of proud resolution she subdued it; and with apparent gaiety, entered into conversation with her sister. The concert terminated shortly afterwards, and Lady Mowbray rose to go. From the time that Gertrude perceived Julian, she carefully avoided again looking towards him, but now as she was leaving the room, she saw him standing near the door. As she advanced, she ventured to give one glance towards him: he looked pale and very much altered, and there was a melancholy yet proud expression on his brow. He was anxiously regarding her, their eyes therefore met. A sudden glow of resentment passed over the features of Gertrude, as she proudly averted her head, and passed on without betraying any agitation.

The entrance hall was crowded with company waiting for their carriages; silent and unhappy, Gertrude stood lost in her own reflections; she was alone, for the crowd had separated her from Sir Frederic and Lady Mowbray, and Lord Mountvilliers had gone to see whether the carriage was at the door. The voice of Julian Graham at length aroused Gertrude from her reverie; he was conversing with a Spanish gentleman then residing in Florence, to whom she had been the same evening introduced.

"We must remain here a few minutes," observed Graham, "as I think there would be great difficulty

in piercing through those ranks of beauty and fashion."

"That is expressed *a la militaire*," said Don Ferdinand, smiling; "and certainly they are ranks of beauty," he continued, glancing gaily round; "but do you not think the meteor which has lately appeared among us, the most brilliant luminary you saw to-night?"

"Miss St. Clair?" said Graham, and Gertrude thought there was a tremulousness in the tone with which he pronounced her name.

"Yes! Lady Mowbray is also very handsome."

"How long have they been in Florence?" asked Julian.

"Nearly three weeks; they are making a tour of Italy."

"Is there not a young English Nobleman—also of their party?"

"Yes! Lord Mountvilliers! you may recollect to have seen him frequently at the house of the Marchesa de Roncévalles, when you were at Madrid."

"I have heard that Miss St. Clair will become Lady Mountvilliers, when she returns to Scotland," resumed Graham.

"Your information is not correct. I understand there will be no alliance between the families.—It is hinted that Miss St. Clair's affections are pre-engaged."

"Ah! is it true?" said Graham, eagerly.

A short pause ensued.

"How long is it since you left Madrid?" said Julian.

"More than two months. My gay cousin, Marcella Luisa was married a short time previous to my departure. It was supposed you would have led her to the hymeneal altar," continued Don Ferdinand, "because you were frequently at her house: but I

believe the talisman you wore next your heart, I mean that beautiful tress of dark hair I once found you so fondly admiring, guarded you against every fascination."

The greatest part of the company being now gone; Julian and Don Ferdinand were enabled to proceed. It was with a feeling of happiness which I will not attempt to describe, that Gertrude (concealed from observation behind a pillar) listened to this conversation. Julian Graham's affection for her was then unchanged—she was not forgotten. That tress of hair alluded to by Don Ferdinand was one she had given him. He still loved her; and in the happiness of this idea, the painful certainty that although his affection was unaltered they must still remain separated, was for a time forgotten. As Gertrude was leaving the breakfast-room the succeeding morning, a servant presented her with a letter, which a footman in the Graham livery had just left. She opened it with trembling eagerness. It was from Julian and requested an interview, which after a little hesitation she granted, and waited with much anxiety the hour she had appointed. At length arrived, a servant informed her that the Honorable Mr. Graham was in the drawing-room, and endeavoring to appear composed, she proceeded thither. For more than an hour their interview continued; Ellen's curiosity was strongly excited, and as soon as Graham had departed, she joined her sister, who had retired to her own apartment. There was a bright expression of happiness on Gertrude's countenance. The only obstacle to her union with Julian was removed. It seemed as if her persevering prayers for him had been answered, for he was no longer the character he had once been. A dangerous illness, and the powerful operations of divine grace, had at last convinced him of the awful realities of eternity.

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Death, and the idea of appearing before the judgment throne of Omnipotence, were appalling to him beyond description. How heinous did that guilt now appear, which had made him deny the triune Jehovah! He felt that the severest judgments of divine wrath were what he deserved. But, "as the Heavens are higher than the earth, so are the Lord's ways higher than our ways," That Being who is love, in mercy spared his repentant creature, and in adoring gratitude Julian humbly determined to dedicate the remainder of his life to His service. He was returning to Scotland, when on reaching Florence, he was surprised to find Miss St. Clair and Lady Mowbray there.—The information which he received relative to Gertrude's engagement with Lord Mountvilliers, had caused him much misery; but this intelligence Don Ferdinand had contradicted, and his hopes revived.—Towards the end of autumn our travellers returned to Scotland, but when Gertrude again visited Glenmore, she was the happy bride of the Honorable Julian Graham.

CHARLES FORSTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Shaks.

In the month of October in the year 183—, the declining rays of the setting Sun did not shine on a happier party than that which was surveying the beauties of Nature, from the library window of the man-

sion of the Hon. W. Dewarr ; two of the party were young and lovely females ; the one, Maria Dewarr, daughter of the owner of the mansion, the other, her cousin Eliza Harrison ; and the third member of our little party, was the second partner in the eminent mercantile establishment of Johnson, Forster & Co. of London.

Charles Forster was an example of the success which attends the exercise of ability and perseverance, united with sobriety of conduct, and diligent attention to business ; born of humble parents in an obscure town, and one of a numerous family, his future prospects had in them little of the flowery or promising ; yet his parents contrived to give him as extended an education as the schools of his native place afforded, and at sixteen years of age, he was considered by all who knew him, to be one of the most promising youths in the neighbourhood.

He was then launched on the stormy sea of life as clerk to a corn-merchant, the duties of which humble station he continued to fulfil, until the failure of the firm by whom he was employed, when he removed to London, and entered the counting-house of the well known general merchants, Benton & Co. where he remained for seven years, and by his industrious conduct, propriety of demeanour, and ability in business, gained the esteem of all with whom he had any transactions, as well as the confidence and good will of his employers. At the expiration of the period mentioned, in conjunction with a fellow clerk and a relative of his own, he formed the before named Firm of Johnson Forster & Co.

Well aware of the difficulties with which every new mercantile establishment has to contend in a place like London, where the weight of competition is balanced only by the prevalence of suspicion, the

exertions of Charles Forster, in furthering the interest of the speculation in which he had embarked his hard-earned all, were incessant for two years, and then, considering his credit and character firmly established, and the profits of the concern sufficiently large to permit him to carry into effect a long cherished plan, he hastened to his native place with the double view of recruiting his somewhat impaired health, and of making the necessary arrangements, preliminary to his marriage with Eliza Harrison.

She was the motherless daughter of a Farmer, whose means were quite as limited as those of the parents of Charles Forster; but her grandfather by the mother's side was a retired Physician, with an income of about a thousand a year, a peevish disposition, sordid mind, and an irritability of temper distressing in the highest degree to all on whom it was exercised, which of course included all his household and dependents.

With this individual was Eliza Harrison brought up, but her character was like any thing but that of her ancestor. In person she was slightly, but perfectly formed; her eye black and brilliant; her features sweetly expressive, with a slight cast of the reflective; her disposition, affection itself; and her mind was richly stored with the brightest jewels of woman's treasure, meekness, humility and candour; the only drawback on perfection which her character exhibited, was a certain irresolution and timidity, which rendered her unequal to the performance of any action, the consequences of which were in any degree doubtful.

Three of her Uncles who had at early ages been sent out to India, returned to their native land a short time previous to the commencement of our brief story, with diseased livers and heavy purses; the eldest

prefixed Colonel to his name, and boasted of a Nabob's wealth ; the second went out a needy lawyer, and came back a finished gentleman of independent fortune ; the youngest had only attained the rank of Captain, and thinking it necessary to achieve his eldest brother's rank, went back to India, and is now, perhaps, sweltering beneath the torrid zone and sighing for the ice climes of Europe. The eldest of these Indianized personages, was the only individual who had the slightest influence with Eliza's grandfather, and so completely was he subservient to the dictation of his own son, that the latter could turn his resolution whichever way he listed.

How beautiful is the love which begins in childhood ! talk of the affection, the fidelity, the devotion of mature age, oh ! name them not in the same breath with the union between two young, unseared, unpractised hearts ! Here you have proved the perfection of pure motive ! Here is the true, the soul inspired passion ! The bending of the knee is involuntary ; the blood rushes through the transparent veins without calculation ; the pledging kiss is unbought ; and the blind God waves his silken pinions over such love as this, with glorious exultation that his occupation is not yet gone.

Such was the love of Charles Forster and Eliza Harrison ; if you had asked either when their love for each other had its rise, the answer would have been " I do not remember !" It commenced in their infancy, continued through childhood and youth, and matured itself with their growth ; and when they reached the point of necessity to ascertain the state of their own hearts, they found that love for each other was an identical part of their existence. He was resolute in determination and inflexible in project. She, timid, yielding, and formed to depend. He was

like the oak of the forest, around whose steadfastness the ivy of her tenderness might cling for support.

Yet their love was secret, for the aristocratic notions of her friends might not brook a disclosure ; their correspondence was carried on by means of stolen interviews, and letters, managed by trustworthy servants to be safely conveyed. His haughty spirit submitted to this, for he felt conscious that if an opportunity was afforded he should break the trammels of his obscure birth, and his love was too sincere to be risked on a punctilio ; for notwithstanding his Eliza would have been as dear to him in the humble cottage of the Peasant as in the palace of the Prince, yet he had a duty to perform as well as inclinations to gratify ; and he felt that he would have committed treason against his love, had he taken Eliza from her own to an inferior station of society.

Years passed away and success crowned the exertions of Charles Forster ; he was now become a principal in a House of extensive business, and was as he fondly hoped in a condition to support his Eliza happily if not splendidly.

She was at this time residing with her grandfather in Yorkshire, and Charles had not seen her for the two years he had been in business ; but their correspondence had been unremitting, and two days previous to the opening of our story, she had received the following extraordinary letter from him.

LONDON, Oct—183—.

MY BELOVED,

I have gained your Uncle, the Colonel's consent to our union, and he promises me to influence your grandfather in our behalf ; he will however write you his views, and I have enjoined him to

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observe silence with respect to his Father, until he hears from yourself. I shall be with you at Mr. Dewarr's in a day or two, till when as until death, near or distant, believe me

Ever your own

CHARLES FORSTER.

P. S. If I do not keep my appointment do not be uneasy—I have been somewhat unwell, and may have a relapse.

He had indeed been 'somewhat unwell,' for he had endured the visitation of a paralytic stroke, which rendered him incapable of attending to business for two months prior to the date of his letter; but he suffered no relapse, and reached Mr. Dewarr's in safety. The reader, however, must not expect a description of the words and actions consequent on the first meeting of a pair of blessed and blessing lovers, after a separation of two long twelvemonths. No! No! If he has ever been placed in similar circumstances, he is already acquainted with the routine, which in spite of changing customs has remained the same since the days of Adam. If not, I will leave him to the enjoyment of a novel pleasure, and now, according to the approved method of all epics, we plunge IN MEDIAS RES, and find Charles Forster replying to an observation of Miss Dewarr.

"I am not attached to London; but every adventurer, who, like me, has his fortune to make, must perforce give the preference to that spot of earth which affords him the greatest facilities for furthering his temporal interests; and it is owing to this circumstance alone that I feel any predilection for the metropolis; for to one who is accustomed to phi-

philosophise on the condition of frail humanity, London possesses few, if any charms."

"Why, Charles!" said Maria Dewarr, "I am afraid you will fill my cousin's head with any thing but an exalted notion of her future residence!"

"Eliza will be in possession of such society, as will I trust remedy the evil of which I am complaining," replied Charles; with a saucy look of enquiry at his betrothed, which covered her cheek with a blush beautiful as the morning, and set her wild cousin a laughing: "but I am speaking of the solitaire I was at my first entrance on a London life—friendless, unknown, and unsought; without any introduction to the circles of my own, and charged with a strict injunction to avoid introducing myself to the circles of the female sex."

"Which you, of course, took no notice whatever of," said Eliza, laughingly.

"As much, Dearest! as if you had been present to observe all my motions," responded Charles. "The immense mass of human beings congregated together in London, may be divided into two classes; the one of which is engaged in the incessant pursuit of wealth; the other of amusement, or, as it is termed, pleasure; and a stranger may be as much alone and unnoticed in the midst of a million and a half of souls as a single blade of grass in the middle of one of Mr. Dewarr's meadows. And when he becomes so much initiated as to form a member of some coterie, he finds SELF so predominant an influencer of society, and MANEUVRING so commonly the motive of action, that he must either shape his mind to the standard in common use and become debased, or profess to be what in reality he is not, and thus stamp himself an hypocrite."

"Cynical enough!" said Maria; "but I think the picture over-daubed."

"Not in the least," answered Charles. "I feel a new being when I escape from the fleshless spectre of London society, to the hearty freshness and reality of rustic intercourse. Our friendship is profession—here it is sincerity; our hospitality is that of the lip—here it is warm as the life-blood of the heart; our pleasures are more or less tinged with dissipation—here they have the purity of Nature herself; our enjoyments pall without gratifying—here the appetite increases with what it feeds on; our streets are infected with a thousand impurities—here the zephyrs breathe nothing but health and delight. Love in London is a mere matter of profit and loss, and blushing daughters are hawked about by speculating mammas', like wares that hang heavy on the pedlar's hands."

"Oh! you insufferable quiz! I am quite sure that, if not guilty of a higher offence, you are grossly exaggerating," said Eliza.

"Let the railer finish his picture, dear!" interposed Maria. "Pray, Sir! at what rate do you estimate Love in a village."

"I cannot appreciate it too highly," responded Charles; "and you must allow that experience enables me to form a tolerably correct opinion on the subject."

"Why, yes! I will grant that; but how are we, in our unsophisticated ignorance, to know that you, who here condemn the insincerity and hollowness of London society, do not there ridicule the monotonous and unvarying character of our existence?"

"Monotonous! unvarying! say you Miss Dewarr? look on the beautiful scene which now exhibits itself to our view!" exclaimed Charles, as, taking a hand

of each of the fair cousins he led them to the balcony. "Behold" continued he, "yon glorious orb of life and light—terminating his daily career in a sea of dazzling splendour, and seeming, by the full stream of glory he sheds over the earth, to be taking a last survey of the entire creation, before he finishes his course: how strikingly emblematic of the man who has performed his duties well and faithfully, laying down to rest at peace with his own mind and the world. See, again! the silver moon just shows her pale face, not as if apprehensive of being quenched in the dazzling beams of the god of day, but as if timidly stealing forth to acknowledge the source of her own power and beauty. I need not draw the typification of this."

"No!" added Maria; "leave that until the expiration of the honey moon."

Eliza expostulated and blushed, and Charles continued.

"What pleasing considerations are suggested by the appearance of those rude masses of stone, which once formed the castellated mansion of some powerful feudal Baron. Oh! I love to pore over the olden time, and conjure up the mailed warriors whose war and wassail cries used to echo through the arched halls, still traceable in that wreck of pride and power; the 'gentle troubadour,' whose unshackled muse poured forth the riches of inspiration in praise of gallant deeds, or peerless beauty; the crouching serfs, who dragged on an inglorious existence by the mere sufferance of their imperious Lords."

"And is it monotonous, my Eliza! to wander through the green fields, the feathered tribe the while tuning their throats in harmony with grateful creation and my own feelings, where every spot is teeming with recollections of childhood and of you?"

and is endeared to me by the memory of some word, or look, or smile, or sigh of the 'Goddess of my Idolatry.' Life here would to me be one of unmixed happiness, for every foot of earth would furnish me with materials for an existence of thought."

"Nay can you get enthusiastic, I must avail myself of the inspiration of the moment, and fetch my Album. Remember Charles! your contribution will be the epitaph of your bachelorship," said Maria, as she descended from the balcony and disappeared.

"Dearest Eliza!" said Charles, as entering the library, he drew the fair girl to a seat and placed himself by her; "I am intoxicated with bliss: I feel as if enjoying an imaginary existence, and that my present situation is unreal. But a very few days will dissipate all doubt; and the treasure about to be entrusted to my care, shall be neither neglected nor unappreciated; for the chiefest study of my future life will be, to confer as much happiness on my own love, as our union will bestow on her dotting admirer."

She made no reply; but there was a pressure of the hand, a gentle rising of the breast, a fluttering of the heart, and a long, long kiss of innocence and love.

Pause a moment, ye who scoff at the purity of human feeling! ye, who would reduce man to the standard of the beasts that perish, and level his heart to the quality of corruption! Did you ever witness the triumph of virtuous affection? Did you ever see exemplified in the human race, the most prevailing attribute of the Deity—Love? If you have, your infamous doctrines are stamped with falsehood. If you have not, you ought to be whipped from the earth, for disseminating unweighed opinions, and for undeservedly debasing and degra-

ding your fellow beings and human nature. If there is on earth, any thing approaching the pure felicity of Heaven, it is the link uniting two hearts, which, one in feeling have surmounted difficulty, and are at length blessed with the prospect of uninterrupted communion.

The marriage was to take place within a week ; the friends of Eliza were all satisfied and anxious for the match : Charles had taken and furnished a neat COTTAGE ON THE banks of the Thames, and had secured a visit from a literary Lady to whom the walks in London life were familiar, until his Bride was accustomed to the new society in which she would have to move. The Minister was engaged, the friends of both parties bidden, and Charles had only to ride over to a town some twenty miles distant, transact there some business connected with his firm, and return to claim his bride.

When the conversation was resumed, Eliza said, " But yet my dear Charles I do not feel completely happy—not as I always thought I should, when the day arrived that no power on earth could separate us. I have fearful misgivings !"

" Of what nature, my Love ?"

" I cannot tell you ; my heart sinks, and when I try to collect my spirits I cannot. My brain wanders to something sad and unfortunate, and when a pleasing thought—a picture of the happiness of our future lives suggests itself, it is driven away by the intrusion of some sorrowful recollection !"

" Thus it always is my fair doubter ! happiness on earth is invariably imperfect, and its degree can only be ascertained by contrast."

" But why should imagination present more of

the gloomy than the bright. Besides, I have had a fearful dream."

"Why so had Caesar's wife!" responded Charles.

"And was not that a true picture of forthcoming events? Nay! do not mock or laugh at me, for it was indeed a terrible one."

"Dreams only indicate their contraries."

"So it is generally said, but experience induces me to believe the contrary, and you know instances in my justification."

"True, my Eliza! but you are also aware of having had many dreams unproductive of results."

"I acknowledge that, but last night my imagination was strongly and strangely worked upon. I thought we had reached the altar; Mr. ——— was the officiating Minister, and the Colonel was present. Part of the ceremony had been gone through, when a stranger entered the church, and whispered something in your ear which caused you to fall down in a fit of strong convulsions; and my Uncle drew his sword, cut open your breast, and tore your heart out. Yes," continued the now weeping girl, "he tore the heart out of your living body, and gave it to me to preserve. I do not remember any thing else, until I thought I awoke from sleep, in a dismal, cold dungeon; my only companion was your heart in a bottle, on which were labelled the words TRUTH AND SUFFERING; and I thought I kissed the bottle, laid me down, and died."

Charles had contended with too many difficulties to allow his feelings to be swayed by a dream, and he successfully endeavoured to convince Eliza of the unreasonableness of her fears; when Miss Dewarr entered the room with her Album, the two lovers had regained their composure, and Charles couched his "last bachelor contribution" as Maria pleasantly

termed it, in the following brief exposition of his feelings.

My happiness is so complete,

I have no words to speak it ;

A jot the more upon my heart,

Would only tend to break it.

Radiant with smiles and loveliness, Maria took her seat at the piano, and in tones of bewitching tenderness sung the well known air ;

Oh ! take her, but be faithful still,

And may your joys increase !

May each succeeding year behold

Your happiness and peace ! etc.

The hearts of two of our little party beat in unison, and their beaming eyes exemplified the beatitude of their sensations ; whilst Miss Dewarr looked like an Angel contemplating the all perfect proportions of consummate goodness. Pity it is, that bliss like this is even less enduring than life !

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On the third day from that on which the foregoing imperfectly narrated circumstances occurred, Charles Forster had promised to return to Mr. Dewarr's ; but morning declined into noon, and noon sunk into evening, yet still he came not. Often did Eliza, with straining and streaming eyes, endeavour to distinguish his form emerging from the gloom of the surrounding forest, but in vain. The darkness of night covered the earth, and she retired to her room—not to rest, but to watch through wearisome and anxious hours. Morning arose, and with it came the postman and a package for Miss Harrison. It was sealed with black, but the direction was in the hand-writing of her betrothed. With a palpitating heart she broke open the seal, and on the envelope

Charles had written, "When you receive this, your unhappy lover is on his way to London, half-maddened by the contents of the enclosed, and the recollection of your dream."

The enclosure was addressed to Charles from his solicitor, and ran thus:

"I am sincerely concerned to be the medium of communicating sad intelligence, but inasmuch as your own welfare, in addition to the character of your Firm, is at stake, I feel bound by my station as your confidential adviser to withhold nothing from you.

In the beginning of last week, your partner, Mr. Johnson, was seized with a violent cold, and the symptoms were of such a nature as to confine him to his room. Yesterday morning it was ascertained that Benton & Co. had stopped payment, and presently afterward it was bruited abroad, that Benton had fled for fear of legal consequences—he having committed forgeries to an amount exceeding £120,-

The Gazette I herewith forward, contains the bankruptcy of the House, and a reward for his apprehension.

Aware of the confidence subsisting between your own firm and that of Benton & Co. I thought it prudent to wait on Mr. Johnson, with the double view of ascertaining the truth of some rumours I had heard respecting the state of accounts between you, and of witnessing the condition of the health of my respected friend. He had not heard of the circumstances of Benton's failure and flight, and the communication thereof seemed to have a dreadful effect upon him; suffice it at present to say, that he was shortly after seized with brain fever, and expired about two hours ago.

I cannot conclude without stating that I HAVE SEEN, in the hand-writing of the deceased, two of

your Firm's acceptances of Benton & Co's. drafts for £1000 each, and have heard it, stated that there are many more in the market ; you will see the propriety of at once returning to London. I will send my Cabin course of mail, to meet you at the Angel, Islington."

* * * * *

How different a scene must Charles Forster now figure in ! We have seen him exulting in happiness, and the anticipation of realizing the cherished hopes of years—we have now to view him with all his household gods shivered round him. That firmness which had surmounted difficulty, and supported him in overcoming indigence, and obscurity—by which he had conquered the prejudices of pride, and the opposition of wealth, had now to pass through a far different ordeal; and it was unequal to the task ; but I anticipate.

Fearful as were the contents of his Solicitor's letter, he found matters much worse than even anticipated; but it is necessary for the elucidation of the story that they should be glanced at.

Mr. Johnson, without the knowledge of Charles, or the remaining partner, had accommodated Benton & Co. with acceptances to an amount exceeding £20,000, without receiving one shilling in return, and for which nothing at all could be recovered. Charles also discovered that the affairs of the sleeping partner were insolvent to a fearful extent ; he felt that it would be utterly useless to attempt to bear up against such a complication of evils, and as an act of justice to his creditors, he gave up every thing into their hands, who, in pity for his misfortune, made the firm bankrupt.

Thus—without blame or censure attached to his

conduct, was an estimable young man blasted in reputation, and his labour of years totally destroyed ; not only so, but his moral ruin was effected.

The sudden death of his partner, for whose memory, notwithstanding his errors, he still cherished a sincere regard, together with the utter annihilation of his fortune, seized on his spirits ; his disposition underwent an entire change ; he became abstracted, reserved, sullen, and shunned society : he shut himself up without any other companion than his own moody thoughts, and it was whispered that he once or twice attempted suicide but was prevented.

This paroxysm passed away, and changing to the other extreme, he became guilty of as much indecorous levity, as he had before exhibited useless sorrow ; plunging into society of the most fashionably vicious class, in the arms of degraded beauty, he forgot Eliza and her pure truth ; the last stage was dissipation, wine, brandy ! Yet all who knew his character, rightly attributed his conduct to an affection of the brain.

Once and once only, did he exhibit signs of returning reason ; he wrote to Eliza's Uncle, but that unfeeling, brutal devotee of gold returned his letter with an insulting message ; this was the seal of poor Charles' fate ; the brandy-bottle became his inseparable companion, and he rarely, if ever, slept the sleep of sobriety.

* * * * *

After a night of debauchery, he was one morning looking out of the window of his dressing room, when he beheld Eliza in the street, leaning on the arm of her Uncle : but she was pale, attenuated, shrunken—the mere spectre of her former self ; and she moved as if in the last stage of some mortal disease.

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Charles dashed down stairs, but in the very act of opening the door the agitation into which he was thrown conquered his strength, and he fell to the ground, whilst the blood poured in a stream from his mouth and nostrils. He was carried to bed in a state of insensibility, but in a few days was so far recovered, as to sit up and converse rationally.

A letter was put into his hand, which the penny postman had brought ; it was without date and read as follows :

“When you receive this, I shall be insensible to your contempt ; if you can forgive yourself, you have my dying assurance, that I have hourly besought Heaven to extend its mercy to you, for breaking the heart of ‘your Eliza’.”

The cup of his misery was now full, and he drained it to the very dregs. Charles Forster is now the raving inmate of a gloomy cell, in a metropolitan mad-house.

